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THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER IX.

BILL KERNAN AND CLIFFORD—FOUL WORK—THE VAULT—BEN WRIGLEY, THE CROSSMAN—KERNAN AND HIS FIGHT WITH A LEGION OF RATS—A HORRIBLE SCENE—LILLY SALOME AND THE CROSSMAN—BEN MAKING LOVE—THE CONTRACT—"WOMEN ARE TICKLISH CREATURES"—DRIVING A BARGAIN—BLEEKER STREET.

When the fight was raging, Bill Kernan—who mingled among the rioters to seek out Frank—was spotted by one of the brigade, and foully dealt with. Bearing him to their rear, at the order of one of the crowd who seemed to act as a leader, Bill was hurried off to the rendezvous of the gang, where Clifford was quartered, with his wrist bound up in linen, the wound being but a flesh one.

Upon seeing the little pugilist brought before him, Bob gave a demoniac laugh.

"Kernan," said he, "this is more than I expected. The last time I saw you, you promised to 'see me again.' You are a man of your word. When you left us at Chris. Samson's house, I swore to get you out of the way. I am going to keep my oath:" and turning to the men who had made a prisoner of Kernan, he said, "Was Kernan fighting against us!"

"He was on the other side," replied one of the men, "but—"

"Enough," interrupted Bob, who desired but the slightest pretext to pass a sentence on the youth. "Open the trap."

A trap was opened in the floor, and a foul stench, that caused even Clifford to draw beyond its current, issued forth.

"What do you mean by this treatment, Clifford? Do you intend to consign me to that dreadful place—that horrid sepulchre!"

"Yes, until such time as I see proper to release you. In with him, boys; my time is precious, and I can't remain here; in with him."

"Bob Clifford, you are a murderer, thief, and devil. Should I ever get free from your clutches, beware. Your life, in my hands, will not be worth a candle light."

"Bill, you'd better be quiet, now mind. I am no child to deal with. It serves me to imprison you a short period. Aggravate me and you shall die in that vault, and feed the crawling vermin that inhabit it, with your flesh. Better be easy, Bill."

Bill could not reply, but treated his captors to a look that revealed to Bob that he had no cur to manage; and again ordering his men to thrust the pugilist into the vault, Clifford seated himself in a chair.

Two of the ruffians advanced towards Bill to obey their leader, but Bill put his hands up, and thus kept them at bay.

"I'll not stir a foot," cried Kernan, "if I die on the spot;" and seeing Bob motioning to draw a pistol with his left hand, he sprang forward with the agility of a tiger, and clutching the desperado by the throat, with a yell of defiance, would have strangled him in his seat, had not some of the party dragged him away.

"Your life is mine, Bill Kernan. Pitch the son of a —— in, and there let him rot forever."

Bill was ruthlessly hurried forward to the aperture in the floor, and as they were about to tumble him into the abyss, Bob, maddened with pain and passion, dealt the poor fellow a hard blow on the head with the butt of a pistol, knocking him completely senseless.

"Let him drop!" cried Bob; "if he breaks his neck, the rats will enjoy an early meal. Damn him, he's out of the way, anyhow."

As Bill fell, but a second elapsed when a distant thug arose from the cavern, announcing his advent among the vermin. Bob was satisfied.

Commanding his men, all but one, to return to Orange street, Bob was again seated.

"Ben," he said to the man, when alone, "I want you to call at Madame Cabet's to-morrow night, and take that girl away in a carriage—you know who I mean—and do as you like with her. You'd better drop her up town, somewhere, blindfolded, so she won't recognize you. I spoke to a driver this morning about it, who performs all my jobs of this kind. Call at Cabet's about eight o'clock; meantime, here's a five dollar gold piece, and keep your mouth shut."

The man whom Clifford addressed was a sort of "cross-cove," by profession, of London importation, but being too well known among the "cops," he "palled" with Bob's party, so as to render it apparent that he abandoned his illegitimate calling to live on the "square," but the "beaks" were "fly" to his "stall," and kept their "glims" fastened on him accordingly.

Ben Wrigley—that was his name—served Clifford in many acts of villainy with great fidelity; and Bob always found him a ready and willing tool to put up a job; but for some reason or other, lately, Ben was playing a double game with his employer, and now we find him "on the mace."

As Ben took the gold coin proffered him, he remarked, "You'm a bene cove, Bob, to tip a pal this yere half-a-Ned, bein' as 'ow I've 'ad no high tide of late, an' I thanks you. I'll get the rotan down to that goosing slum, for the prim, an' as I isn't a top-diver, wot's fly to breakin' a leg, the shakester may refuse to rug with a cove like I. Be she a bleak mort, Bob?"

"She's very handsome, Ben," replied Clifford, "but she's trap and upish; so be careful how you handle her—she's a perfect tigress."

"If she is, I'm a tiger," rejoined Wrigley, carefully salting away the shiner in his pocket; "an' if the mort gives I any trouble, I'll pink her, and put her to bed with a shovel."

"No, no, Wrigley," exclaimed Bob, "you must do no murder; her death would do neither of us any good. You are man enough for her without taking her life."

"Well, as you sez, Bob; but I'm thinkin' as 'ow the shickster will patter, and pinch us to rights."

"No fear of that, Ben. Whatever vengeance Miss Salome has to take, she will execute herself. No law for her."

"Be that so? Then we'll be in for a scrobe, if she don't rub us to wit," and the crossman laughed immoderately at the idea of being horsewhipped, or otherwise punished by a woman. "I say, Bob," he suddenly vociferated, "as a little kitchen physic will set me up, I'll vamose," and Ben made a bolt for the door.

"Ben!" halloed Clifford.

"Hey?"

"Let me know how you managed."

"If things come off rye-buck, I'll send down the jarvey."

With this promise to communicate to Clifford the result of his undertaking with Lilly Salome, Ben vamosed to replenish his inner man, leaving Bob to revel in his own vile thoughts.

Bill Kernan, when he was tumbled into the vault, alighted on a pile of debris formed by the sweepings of the room above. Being of a soft nature, his fall was not severe. As the pugilist landed on the miniature mountain of dirt, the squeals of many rats gave token to Clifford and his men that a few of the long-tailed creatures were either killed or buried in the pile beneath Bill's body, for he alighted amid an army of the vermin, holding a carnival over the last day's sweepings. It was an hour or more before Bill regained his senses, and his feelings were agonizing when he reflected upon his horrid incarceration. With all the available strength he could muster, he barely raised himself to his feet, to kick away the voracious pigmy monsters whose savage squeals rendered him quite nervous. Feeling along the jagged walls, he discovered the vault to be about twenty feet square, and finding no outlet, his heart grew sick within him.

The rats, attracted by his presence, were growing more numerous, and he could, with an indescribable feeling of terror, feel them running between and over his feet in scores, one or two of the animals pulling at his pants with their teeth. Trembling at the idea of their getting ravenous, and making a combined attack upon him, Bill got his back to the stone wall, and commenced to shout aloud, with the forlorn hope of driving the vermin off to their retreats; but they did not get alarmed, and squealed the more savagely, as if mocking him. Finding his yells of no avail, he whistled, then sang, and danced, but all to no purpose; the vermin were growing thicker in numbers. Crowding around him, Bill began to use his legs, and many a rat suffered by coming in contact with his boots. While using one leg, a few rats would climb the other. Seizing them with his hands, he would dash them against the opposite wall with great violence; a sharp squeal announcing their arrival against the sharp points of the rocks. He was thus employed for some time, kicking and flinging rats, and they began to clamber up his legs in sixes, faster than he could pick them off and dash them away.

"My God, they want to cut my throat—oh!" he stopped short; a rat had bitten his finger. "This will double their numbers," and he dashed around the vault tramping his tormentors in dozens. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "can such be my end? Help! help!" he shouted, and, as if fearful that his appeals would be heard, and lose their victim, the rats redoubled their exertions. This was an awful moment of existence to the pugilist. Climbing his legs in such fearful numbers, some making their way over the backs of others, the deadly pests reached his throat, and swarming from head to feet, they commenced their carnival. A feeling of loathsomeness crept over the pugilist, as he perceived his inevitable fate, and uttering a prayer for sins committed, a shudder pervaded his system, and fainting with weakness, he sank to the ground, literally covered with the horrible and carnivorous brutes, that screamed, simultaneously, and fought each other, as he fell among them.

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When darkness spread its sable mantle over the Empire city, Lilly Salome was gagged and blindfolded, and conveyed to a carriage standing at the door of Madame Cabet's establishment, by Ben Wrigley, who was fitted up in a new rig as a disguise. This was on the night following the interview between Clifford and Ben.

Seating himself beside Lilly, Ben gave the signal to the "jarvey," who whipped up his gothic-framed steeds, and away rolled the vehicle, the "animiles'" heads turned for up-town.

When the carriage neared a wild, desolate spot, now enclosed within the boundaries of Central Park, it was nine o'clock, as indicated by the chimes of the city's distant churches, and the driver reined in his horses, who were painfully winded.

Hustled from her seat with an oath, uttered rather mild for one of Ben's nature, Lilly found herself standing upon soft earth, with her right arm locked in that of her tender companion's, who led her through a winding path that was hedged or flanked by a line, on either side, of high rocks. Passing through this gully, they entered into a small thicket, on the opposite side of which was a cave, in a ledge of rocks, to this day visited by the frequenters of Central Park. The interior of the cave was small, unroomy, and conical in shape, the basis possessing standing surface for about six persons, while the apex reached an altitude of about twelve feet, and very irregular in its windings.

As they entered the cavern, Ben struck a light, for he conveyed with him a pocket glimmer for that purpose.

"That ere hack cove is off some distance from us, and we be's alone, we be's; an' you are all O K, my rum blowen," said Ben, placing the light on a point of rock that jutted out from the main boulder, on one side of the excavation. "I never had a glim upon your dial-plate, so I doesn't know as you be 'ansome, but be that as it moit be, you be's a 'oman, an' that's enough for I." So saying, Ben tore off a veil or bandage that obscured the major portion of Lilly's face. The light dazzled her sight, and it was some moments before she could employ her eyes to observe where she was. At Ben's words, Lilly trembled; not that she now cared for a repetition of the act committed upon her at the "Silver Chamber," but foreboding worse treatment, perhaps death.

"An' now," continued Ben, "as we be's alone, where nobody can interfere, I can do as I wants to," and displacing the gag from her mouth, he added, "that be's the way to make you feel easy."

"You do not mean to harm me?" pleaded Lilly, when she found strength to speak.

"Harm you!" returned Ben. "Who said I did? You never done nuthin' to I, nor nobody as I knows on. Harm you! Lord bless you, my bene mort, I isn't paid to harm you. I'se only feed to git you out of Cabet's snoozing ken. Ben Wrigley may be a cross-man, an' rough to himself and others wot he don't pig with, but he never abuses a lady, he doesn't."

Lilly could scarce attach credence to her senses at hearing Ben make this declaration, and her heart pulsated with joy.

"You are a man, Ben Wrigley, be what else you may, and you shall be rewarded."

"Allers was a man," rejoined Ben; "so was my dad, who was choked at Newgate for slittin' a weasand."

Miss Salome now felt assured of no harm threatening her, as she perceived that Ben possessed a degree of sympathy for a being in distress. It is erroneous to suppose that bad men are strangers to good feeling, or deficient in sensibility. Lilly, from her intercourse with men, could understand this in all its manifold bearings, and kept up her "distress," aware that a good feeling in a man leading a life of infamy did not cling long to the heart.

"Do you imagine what indignity I suffered at Cabet's?" enquired Lilly, keeping up the agony and "injured innocence" appearance.

"I only guesses. But I knows wot dolls goes into that chamber, comes out as they didn't go in; an' I thinks that's your case."

"Yes," replied Lilly, assuming a look of deep sorrow. "Yes, Bob Clifford—well, you know the man?"

"Like a fence. Bob tipped I a fiver to see you here, and wanted I to do as he done; but I won't, 'less you be's willin'; an' I tell you, it was lucky for you Bob hadn't s'lected some other cove for this ere job. I told him as how I'd pink you with a knife and bury you 'ere, to stall him from my lay; but he said no, and 'ere you be safe an' sound, and if you be's mine a bit, I'll tote you home safe."

"And if I refuse, what then?" enquired Lilly, dreadfully agitated.

"Why, I sees you home, too."

"And not offer to—"

"Do nuthin' to you. I 'ates Clifford, cause he's not the putty for my swag; he's been a maceing with me, an' I'm going to cross him."

Lilly had already surmised that Wrigley was not friendly to Bob, but when she heard him confess the fact, her thoughts knew no bounds.

"Assist me," she cried, "to avenge myself on Clifford and Madame Cabet, and I'll pay you handsomely. You can have all that you require."

"Can I have—"

"Everything!" exclaimed Lilly, elated; "for what would I not give to avenge my wrongs. Be my friend, appear as a friend to Clifford, and you shall never repent it."

"I will do so," replied Ben, "but when shall I get what you promise!"

"Can you trust me?"

"Women are ticklish creatures," returned Ben, dropping his natural or accustomed vernacular.

"You will accompany me home?"

"Certain as we are here."

"Will that suit you?"

"No traps?"

"Am I prepared to trap you?"

"Well, I am satisfied."

"Where are we?"

Upon informing her, Lilly felt how uncertain would be her fate, did not her sway over Ben decree it otherwise. She never for a moment intended to deceive Wrigley, for she was stimulated for a deep revenge, and the cost to procure it, as far as her promises to Ben were involved, amounted to a trifle in comparison with the joy and satisfaction she would inherit in wreaking vengeance on her enemies.

At an early period of Ben's career in New-York, he was arrested by a detective officer on a charge of "shaking down" a "bloke" from "Grassville," (country) and this arrest brought him under the surveillance of the police thereafter, his fame as a "crossman" preceding his arrival from London, through the "Huey," or *National Police Gazette*.

At the time of his being "copped," Mark Blake interested himself in Ben's release, the latter having once interfered between Mark and a dozen knives, wielded in the hands of as many thieves at a low den in Water street. This act of Ben's lost him all his pals, and being shunned by them all, he went on the "cross" single-handed, his first experiment proving a failure. Blake, learning of Ben's incarceration, awaiting trial, rescued him from the grasp of the law, and prevented him from taking air and exercise in the quarries on the convict Island.

This event occurred three or four years previous to the opening of our story. Blake never heard from Ben after his release, and often narrated the fact of his life being saved by Ben, to Lilly and others with whom he was most intimate.

The facts occurring to Lilly's mind, she interrogated Ben:

"Do you remember Mark Blake, whose life you once saved?"

"Mark Blake, the politician—the man wot trains the buffers?"

"The same," replied Lilly, "you recollect him?"

"Don't I, though? Never forget Mark Blake. He's a rum-'un, he be. Beest you anything to him?"

Lilly hesitated to answer.

"I guess you be's," Ben added.

"Well, I am not related to him, but Mark takes an interest in me, that's all."

"Then God help Clifford."

"Mark must never know of it," interrupted Lilly; "I must deal with Bob myself."

They were now retracing their way through the gulley.

"D—n Clifford," muttered Ben, as his toes stumbled against a projecting rock, "for what he's went and done to Mark Blake's 'petticoats.' I'll work harder than ever 'gainst 'im. Where can I find Mark?" he suddenly inquired. Lilly pretended not to know. "I'll find him, though, but I'll not blow about this affair; I only want to speak with him 'bout somethin' else."

As Ben concluded his speech, they came in sight of the carriage, and approaching the driver, who was in a somnolent state on his box, Wrigley spoke to him:

"Jake, you got a ten spot for this 'ere job?"

"Nuthin' shorter—whoa!" The horses were impatient at the sound of voices.

"You can earn ten more."

"How so?"

"By drivin' this lady an' myself to town."

"How about Bob? What'll he say?"

"Nuthin', if you don't blow to him."

"Jump in."

"Drive to Bleecker street, No. ——"

As if suddenly changing his mind, coachee sung out—

"Half fare first, Ben."

"You know's me, Jake, go 'long with the hosses."

"Give me half, or I don't stir."

"For Heaven's sake, driver," said Salome, putting her head outside of the carriage window, "go on; when we reach my residence I'll pay you;" but jehu was not to be coaxed. Neither Ben nor Lilly possessed the "ready," and Wrigley dared not threaten force to the driver, so a happy thought occurred to Salome. Drawing a valuable diamond ring from her finger, which Clifford did not notice as being in her possession, she offered it to the driver as a guarantee of payment. Accepting the bauble, the incorrigible fellow drove off at a spanking gait for the city.

As their destination was reached, Jake was paid his fee and the ring redeemed. Urging silence and secresy upon Ben, Lilly invited him to her rooms, where, once settled, they arranged for a second meeting, when Lilly promised to fulfil her pledge to Wrigley, who took his departure, a happier man than when he met with her.

Ben was no mean looking man; but, *per contra*, was of a milder aspect than the reader at primitive thought would probably allow. Prim and tidy in his *personnel*, with a fair and open countenance, in contradiction to his mode of deriving a subsistence, Ben was really a character that one ignorant of his profession would look upon with a sort of admiration. Individually, Ben possessed no attributes that Miss Salome could value, further than that he was young, vigorous, and brave; besides, he acted towards her as a friend, when he might have allowed his brutal or animal passions to predominate over his finer qualities, and maltreated her when at his mercy; therefore, she bargained a partnership with him as a matter of self-interest, in order to work out the ruin of Clifford and Madame Cabet. Wrigley's utility in carrying out her designs for revenge would prove of tenfold power by granting him a corner of her bed occasionally; for, in time, he would become uxoriously attached to her, in which event she could exercise such a power over his will as to stimulate him to deeds that the wealth of the world could not, under other circumstances, invite him to attempt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"BOB'S" REVENGE.

A MELANCHOLY TAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THOMAS H. ROGERS.

The intelligence often displayed by the canine race is something marvellous. Horace Greeley—according to Daniel Rice, Esq.—called "Excelsior" a horse with a soul; what kind of a soul, he does not state. Now, if the white-coated philosopher spoke the gospel truth concerning the nag in question (and who but Bennett ever doubted *his* veracity!) I can safely assert that many dogs have just as good "souls" as Excelsior or any of his kind. The hairy hero of this yarn may be offered as a proof of what I assume, although the efforts he made to establish the existence of his "soul" involved considerable suffering on his body.

A rural friend of mine, who cultivates the soil on Long Island, lately bought a fine bull-dog, and set him up as private watchman on his little farm of forty acres. Bob (the private watchman) was a very peculiar "critter," surly as a bear with a sore head, and perfectly indifferent how many enemies he made, provided he was allowed to live in the manner that best suited himself, and do as he d—d pleased. Born and brought up in the classic neighborhood of Washington Market, he had imbibed a good share of the independent notions that distinguish the stalwart butchers who there ply their delightful vocation, while his long experience had rendered him as good a judge of a piece of beef as any epicure in the city. Never what may be called a "sociable" dog, his removal to the country soured his temper altogether, so that after being in office at the farm for two months, he still had only two friends in the world—himself and a little black and tan terrier. To the caresses of children, he was insensible; none of the family could get on his "right side," except the cook, and to her he was civil only through respect for her position. Strange dogs—the half-starved, wandering vagabonds who lead a shiftless life in town and country, seeming to belong to nobody but themselves, and to be always looking for a purchaser—they were his aversion. Many a tough customer visited Bob's domain, hoping to be received with all the honors that a generous hospitality could extend, but our hero invariably stood upon his dignity, refused all friendly intercourse, and dismissed them with no very flattering opinion of his politeness. So, after a time, the curs in those parts came to the conclusion that he had committed some dreadful crime in the place of his nativity, the dark remembrance of which now preyed upon his conscience, and made him feel himself unworthy to associate with his fellows. Dogs or men, it is all the same. Offend them in any manner, and they will give you credit for deeds that would make a murderer shrink with horror, or astonish the recording angel whose fatal book contains the woful history of crime. It is so (as Bunsby might say), and its a great pity that it is so; but being as it is so, we can't honestly deny that it is so, and so on. To resume; many a dog congratulated himself on having been born and raised in the country, since Bob was a specimen of the breed to be found in the crowded streets of the town.

Bob had only two friends; the first I have just described. Sam—the little black and tan terrier mentioned above—was the second. As this terrier was a very small creature, I won't waste valuable time in his description. Besides, if he succeeded in gaining the sympathy of my readers, the grief felt for his melancholy "taking off" would be the more intense, and I have no desire to give unnecessary pain to any one. Even as it is, I tremble lest these lines should ever meet the vision of his master, whose regret at his untimely fate far exceeded that of Calypso for the wandering Ulysses.

Every afternoon "Bob" trotted down the road to visit his friend, who resided at a neighboring farm-house, and, once in his company, the melancholy mood left him; the recollection of his dreadful crime no longer haunted his drooping spirits; he rolled and tumbled with all the glee of a pup, and seemed as careless of sustaining his character for gravity as a French *dansuse* of keeping down her—"double-six—domino—that's out." Excuse me, dear reader, for this interruption to my narrative, but the fact is, my daughter's in the next room, playing dominoes with her "feller"—a chap with a moustache, whom I greatly suspect to be anything but a gentleman and a scholar, and would kick into the street if I wasn't afraid of my wife, who thinks he's quite the style, and has shown a noble disposition and a liberal hand (four aces) in gallanting Sally to Bryants' and the Opera. My daughter, I say, is playing dominoes with this highly respectable young man, and when they become excited over the game (young people *will* get excited sometimes, you know,) the sound of their voices penetrates to my sanctum, and interferes with the current of my thoughts. However, if the reader has no objection, I'd just as soon have them speak in a high tone, for I remember (bright days of youth, forever fled,) that when I went courting the gals I always whispered when some diabolical piece of mischief was on the carpet. I whispered to my wife when I asked her to marry me—she whispered "Yes!" and, I tell you what it is, my friends, *I never whispered since.* True, she was a rosy-cheeked piece of dry goods, and had a "figger"—ye gods! what a "figger." It's a "figger," even now, but then, you see, there's more of it than a good judge of female shape would—

"That's out."

Hello! he's out again. But, I believe, I started to tell a dog story, and here I am running off the track. When an old fellow gets a-talking about love and beauty he don't know when to stop. However, if I switch off again perhaps the domino-players will remind me of it, and so they will be of some use, after all.

"Bob" and "Sam," then, were great friends—very great friends. The love that existed between Damon and Pythias was strong—remarkably strong—judging from Mr. Forrest's delineation of the character of Damon—but the love borne for each other by the terrier and bull-dog, was stronger. Quarrels or angry growls never disturbed the harmony of their recreations; no bone of contention aroused their angry passions; no beefsteak of envy stirred up thoughts of battle; in fine, the good temper and forbearance that marked their intercourse might have taught humanity itself a lesson.

But, alas! no dog is perfect. Their felicity was too great to last. This is the manner in which the cloud first arose on the horizon of their happiness:—One day—it was a lovely day in summer—"Bob" set off, as usual, to visit his friend. The terrier was generally to be found in his master's garden—the dogs were owned by different masters, mind you—which was separated by a fence from the public road. In this fence was cut a hole large enough—and only *just* large enough—to allow "Sam" to enter or quit the garden at his pleasure; a very nice little arrangement for "Sam," who frequently amused himself by exciting the ire of large dogs in the public road, and running in behind his fence when they pursued him. From his fondness for this kind of sport, he was in bad odor with most of the dogs in the neighborhood; many of them had endeavored to get at him, but they hadn't enough cunning—no "soul" Horace—and couldn't come it. "Sam" was too nimble for them.

When my hero arrived at the fence, on the day in question, he put his head down to the opening, and barked several times, to let the terrier know that he was waiting for him. Strange to say his summons was disregarded. So, thinking his chum was absent on business of importance—perhaps to put in his claim for exemption from the draft—"Bob" stretched himself out on the ground to await his return. The sun was hot, and the bull-dog was on the sunny side of the fence; he became sleepy; shut and opened his eyes uneasily; lazily licked his paws; brushed off a fly from his nose; wondered how long "Sam" would be absent; gradually began to doze; let his head slip down into the dust, and, and—he slept. Remember, he was not on duty. His dreams were pleasant; again he found himself in the city, and gloated over the familiar treasures of Washington Market; he saw the forms of old friends gathered and heard their voices encouraging him as he "polished" off some insolent rival; above all, he remembered the scene when he darted under the market-woman's drapery, and toppled her over on the sidewalk, while men and boys roared with laughter, and passing fair ones shut out the comical tableaux with their coquettish fans, having no desire to "go an eye on it." And, then, the blushes and confusion of the unfortunate market-woman, as she regained her perpendicular, and timidly inquired if anybody had seen her—

"It's your down."

The domino players—Sally and the "nice young man." To continue.

As Bob recalled the aforesaid scene, he laughed so loudly in his sleep, that a farmer, who was ploughing a field on the other side of the road, turned round to see who was amusing himself at *his* expense. And, truly, this over-sensitive farmer was an object fit to make the "unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve." The "unthinking" might have guffawed at the queer cut and material of his garments, while the "judicious," who cherish stern notions of propriety, would have been horrified at their limited number. I read a story once about a negro at Panama, who strutted around with kingly dignity, gazing compassionately at his less fortunate comrades. Poor contrabands, *they* were in their original nakedness, not a rag on their dusky backs, while *he* wore an old straw hat. Now, although I will do this old Long Island farmer the justice to state that he was in a far better condition for appearing in a Christian community than the Panama darkey, yet, with the consequences of a suit for libel staring me in the face, truth compels me to admit that he was by no means sufficiently clad to undergo the ordeal of an arctic winter. To be sure, the day was hot enough to roast one, the farmer was on his own ground, the place was not much frequented, and, perhaps, like our canine hero, the countryman had a will of his own, preferred comfort to appearances, and didn't care a tinker's curse whether he was seen with or without his ——

"Game! Will you play another?"

"Yes, Sally, but we will play for something."

"For what?"

"A ——."

"No."

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

"Payment first, I'm sure to win."

"No."

"Yes, Sally."

Ah! my prophetic soul, what noise was that? Kissing. Well, I was young once, although you'd scarcely believe it now, to look at me. Tell me, gentle reader (original), is it the duty of a father to rush into the next room and tear the lovers apart? I have a great mind to do it; how do I know but ——

"This is a draw game, Sally."

Oh! it's a draw game. I guess I wont disturb them. In fact, they are rather useful to me, for whenever my pen takes a flight too lofty, or gets me into a tight place, their "double six" comes in like a shot, and "blocks my game."

Let me see. I left the farmer in the field, and the dog asleep. Bob had slumbered about ten minutes, when the terrier made his appearance at the opening in the fence. The latter, as I have said, was very fond of playing tricks, and here was a golden opportunity. Friendship might have warned him that it was dishonorable to take advantage of his comrade's repose, but the fit was on him, and he did not stop to meditate on the injustice of his action. Quickly seizing Bob's tail between his teeth, he began to pull vigorously, and soon pulled the dreamer out of Washington Market. The bull dog started up—an angry dog was he—and savagely turned upon his assailant; but Sam, fleeing from the wrath to come, jumped through the hole in the fence, and was safe. Having placed himself beyond danger of retaliation, he regarded his insulted friend with an air satirical enough to provoke a saint. Then, in dog-lingo, he spoke thus:—

"Your pardon, friend Bob; finding you asleep, I could not refrain from playing a little trick."

"Ah!" responded his victim, "you laugh; very good; but remember, 'every dog has his day'—I will be revenged."

"Nay," resumed the culprit, "take it not so much to heart."

"Revenge."

This was said with the dignity of a Roman Senator.

"Surely, a cause so slight ought not to interrupt our friendship. Make allowances for my youth and thoughtlessness. Come, your paw, in token of reconciliation."

"Never!"

But, as "Bob" shouted the last word, a happy thought flashed across his mind, for he was an animal of great sagacity, an animal with with a "soul." He resolved to appear satisfied with the terrier's apology, and thus draw him within his reach. Once there, he would feed fat the grudge he owed him. So, smoothing, with a painful effort, his enraged visage, he said:—

"Friend 'Sam,' you were only in jest after all. I am aware from you former life, which you kindly acquainted me with, that your education has been somewhat neglected, and, therefore, it is hardly reasonable to expect you to display that sense of decorum which is possessed by dogs of greater culture. Taking this fact into consideration, I am content to overlook your offence. But, if you love me, Sam, and, truly, I believe you do, let us have no more of such conduct. Reform it, as Hamlet says, reform it altogether. Come, embrace me, and thus celebrate our friendship restored."

At this crafty address, Sam was about to come out into the road, but a fierce glitter in the bulldog's eye arrested him. He did not like that rapid flash, which was gone almost as quickly as it came. So he determined to parley a little longer.

"You speak fair, Bob, and your remarks about my defective education are correct; but I have often heard old and experienced hounds declare that the tongue does not always express the feelings of the heart. Therefore, with your permission, I will remain where I am, and defer our reconciliation till to-morrow, unless you wish to come in here, and settle the business in the garden."

This was adding insult to injury, for Sam was well aware that the opening in the fence was not large enough for the passage of the body of his outraged friend. Bob's rage was now terrible to contemplate; his mouth foamed, his eyes grew red as blood, and his teeth grated ominously together.

"Well, well, my fine fellow," he yelled, "amuse yourself for the present, but beware of the future. From this day forth, I am your deadly foe. Revenge shall be my daily thought, my nightly dream. For me, until my teeth are buried in your throat, life shall have no charms. I hate you, I hate the whole race of dogs, and I hate myself for having ever associated with a cur so mean. A day of reckoning will come, I feel it in my bones; and here I swear never to rest until the sausage-maker—the fearful enemy of our race—clutches thy dishonored carcase."

Having uttered this appalling threat, Bob cantered off home, while Sam, trembling from his nose to his tail, sneaked back to his kennel.

As the bulldog proceeded along the road, he suddenly "sighted" the picturesque looking farmer, who was going home from his labor, and, glad of the opportunity of venting his fury on something or somebody, and not being quite certain whether the object before him was a man or a scarecrow, he made a ferocious dash at the fellow's legs. The farmer gave but one glance behind him, and then he was off, like a bullet from a gun. A long, linen coat, reaching to his heels, was the poor man's only covering, as I'm a sinner, and, as he scrambled over the fence to escape, the greater part of it was left in Bob's mouth.

"Curse that dog," muttered the farmer, "I will be revenged—I'll shoot him one of these nights. Here he's left me without a rag on my—"

"Ha! ha! ha! won again. Come, Sally, pay up."

Now, it's my private belief that Sally is losing intentionally. I suppose she finds it very pleasant to play dominoes for kisses. Well, if my wife thinks it right to encourage her in such doings, I disclaim all responsibility in the matter. But I must hurry up and finish this 'tail,' or it may be too long to wag in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Reaching his master's house, Bob summoned up all his cunning, and it was great. How was he to "get square" with the terrier? That was the momentous question. Plan after plan was turned over in his mind, and still he could hit upon nothing to suit him. At last, an inspiration rewarded his patient search. The thought did honor, even to *his* subtlety. True, it would not be very agreeable for himself, but what of that? His own comfort should not stand in the way of his revenge. And now, for the plot.

Hitherto, Bob's appetite had been something enormous; he had never been known to desert a bone until it was as bare and shiny as his own teeth. Although an honest dog in other respects, where his belly was concerned he was a thief. Even a Troy Grand Jury, whose stupidity is only equalled by their convictions of their own wisdom, would have often found sufficient grounds for bringing in against him an indictment for robbery. Many a time, when the cook was off her guard, he had stealthily entered the kitchen, snapped up a juicy piece of mutton or steak, and carried it off in triumph. Nay, his audacity once induced him to seize a magnificent stuffed turkey, on whose defunct corpus the cook had operated with all the skill she was mistress of, and he actually devoured it before her face, having good and sufficient reasons to suspect that, his back once turned, the goddess of the spit and saucepan would assault him, with one of those useful articles, in the rear. With this knowledge of Bob's abilities in the feeding line, what was his master's astonishment to perceive that he began gradually to refuse his rations. Such a caprice was truly wonderful. He scarcely consumed enough to support life, and before a week passed away, he was almost a skeleton—his ribs might be plainly counted. The cook was in extacies. In vain the dog was tempted with the choicest bits, raw and cooked. True, he gazed at them longingly, condescended to snuff in their savory odors, but that was all. One bite sufficed for his breakfast, two for his dinner; his supper was *nil*.

His master now called in a dog fancier to see what was the matter, and endeavor to restore my hero's appetite. That gentleman came, confidence beaming on his brow; he prescribed a dollar bottle of his medicine, which had been praised and recommended by the Governor's wife, whose pet poodle it had rescued from the icy jaws of death, and predicted that, in a day or two, "Bob" would be all right, with an appetite that would astonish a famished gorilla. But the two days passed by, "Bob" grew thinner and thinner, and it could no longer be doubted that he was sinking into the land of shadows.

Shortly after this unaccountable disease had set in, it was noticed that the animal quitted the farm yard every evening, just as it was growing dark, and trotted down the road. What these twilight expeditions contemplated, we will know presently.

"Bob" was now the shadow of his former self—a skinful of bones—a very Cassius of a canine. The plot was drawing to a head.

One evening he departed, as usual, down the road. His tortures were about to end—his fast to be followed by a feast.

Nearing the well-known garden, the domain of the tricky far—

rier, his movements became mysterious. He, "with Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design, moved like a ghost." Now, he stopped to listen, but nothing broke the silence, save the sad murmur of the breeze, or the distant lowing of cattle. Finally, he reached the opening in the fence—the scene of the outrage he had supposed.

Slowly his head was pushed through the hole—his neck followed his head—his body followed his neck—his tail followed his body; "Bob" was in the garden. Satisfied with this experiment, he returned to the road, and began to bark. In a few moments, an answering yelp was heard—the terrier was hastening to his doom. Suddenly, his round head was framed in the opening of the fence.

"Ah! friend 'Bob,' returned at last?" he shouted. "Believe me, I was becoming very uneasy on your account. It does me good to see you again."

"Yes, I have returned. I am here for my revenge."

"What! haven't you got over that nonsense yet?"

"No."

"Well, I don't think I can accommodate you to-night."

"We'll see that."

Like a flash, "Bob" flew through the opening. Why dwell upon the dreadful scene? His work of death completed, the bull dog, with bloody jaws, regained the road, and opened his mouth in one prolonged howl of triumph. Scarcely had its echoes died away, when a blunderbuss exploded on the opposite side of the road, and my hero rolled over stone dead, shot through the heart by the vindictive farmer.

"Ha!" muttered that worthy individual, "you *would* come at me from behind, rip up my best linen coat, and send me home without a stitch to hide my unfortunate—"

"Well, Sally, we've played enough—I must be off."

The domino players are about to separate. Heigho! how cramped my fingers are. I guess I'll go over to John McMahon's, and stretch them around one of his tumblers; a steaming whiskey punch will restore the circulation.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOYLE, N. Y.—*Cribbage.*—"Please decide the following questions at six card cribbage:—1. A plays a six, B a four, A a tray, B a deuce, making 15—2 and a sequence of three. A plays an ace, making a sequence of four; B plays a five, making a sequence of five; A plays another five, making a pair; and B another, making a pair royal and thirty-one. How many points is B entitled to for his last play? 2. A plays an ace, B a deuce, A a tray, and claims a sequence of three points. B plays an ace, and claims a sequence of three ever again; but argues that if he had played a three instead of an ace, he could only have claimed the pair. A claims that B's ace entitles him to nothing, and that sequences cannot be counted double in playing. How is it? 3. Can a three flush be counted in playing? 4. Can flushes be counted in playing? 5. In the crib, can any flush under a five flush be counted? 6. I heard a good player argue that in counting a hand, routines cannot be counted double, if you count the pairs; that you must for a hand of an ace, deuce, and two trays, count either five (for a sequence and a pair) or six for the double sequence without the pair, but cannot count eight for the double sequence and pair. Is it so?".....1. Right points. The one for last card is not taken when thirty-one are made; that is, in addition to the two points. 2. B, in playing the second ace, was entitled to three points for the sequence, but could only have taken two for a pair, had it been a tray. We don't exactly understand what it means by "counted double," but if the above is an example, then sequences can be so counted. 3. Except in five card cribbage, a "three flush" cannot be counted. 4. Hoyle says flushes count in play, Bohn says emphatically they do not, and we think Bohn is right. 5. All the cards, including the "turn up," must be of the same suit to constitute a flush in crib. 6. The "good player" (?) argued wrong. The cards enumerated count up eight points.

ALEX D., Muscatine, Iowa.—1. They are mailed as regular as clock-work, and we can't account for not reaching, unless certain "privileged characters" in the P. O. department lay violent hands on your papers. Since our new story, "The Pugilist and the Fireman," was commenced, these coves are worse than ever. Have sent 'em again. 2. Jem Mace is 32 years old. 3. The Tipton Slasher, in 1850, after his fight with Paddock, claimed the office, as Bendigo declined fighting. In '51, Harry Broome beat Perry and succeded to the office. In '53, Broome retired after forfeiting to the Tipton, and in '57 Tom Sayers beat the Slasher, and got the belt.

J. V. S., Camba, O.—1. Sorry we haven't a copy left of that date, but will give you the points. After the Heenan and Sayers fight, the belt was left for competition, and Sam Hurst was first to put in a claim for it. Tom Paddock disputed his title, they fought, and Tom was beaten in five rounds and ten minutes. Jem Mace then had a say, which resulted in a match, Jamesy winning handsomely in 8 rounds, 39 minutes, June 18, 186.. That's the way Mace became champion. 2. Other matters attended to this week.

PANTALOON.—"Tom and Dick went into a store." Tom pointed out a violin to Dick, offering to bet that he, Dick, could not tell what it was for. They bet. Tom says 'it is for sale,' and claims the money. Dick 'don't see it' in that light, and argues his right to the money, as the violin was made for music. What is your opinion?".....For his ignorance of music, Tom ought to pay the bet; but, for his wit, Dick should let up on him; the proceeds of the bet to be given to some charitable institution."

WATTIE RUSSELL, Philadelphia.—You may have probably misunderstood Mr. R. Fox, of the Casino. Please ascertain if Mr. F., really means to say that Mr. O'Neill went among the ballet girls, and exacted two dollars from each to have them noticed. Please ascertain, also, whether Mr. F., says that he ever paid for the insertion of any article save his regular advertisement. Let us understand the facts thoroughly, and unmistakably, before we take any further action in the matter.

P. B., Boston.—You got a Sunday paper circular, too, did you, eh? Well, read an item from a St. Louis correspondent, in our Music Hall department. As you truly remark, the mess of stuff dished up by our Sunday contemporary, and sent out as news, is just as nasty a dose as the dirty doctor advertisements published in the same delectable Sunday journal. We thank you for "renewed assurances of distinguished consideration."

BROAD BROOK.—1. The lowest card cut, deals; therefore, the player who cut the queen is entitled to the deal. 2. Where three are playing, the euchre of one player scores two points each to the game of the other players. 3. The euchre of a lone hand makes no difference, the party euchreing are only entitled to two points.

VAPID, Philadelphia.—"In throwing dice, A throws nine in 3 throws; B bets A that he can beat nine in 3 throws. B throws, and the result is nine. It is agreed that you are to decide the bet.".....The result of B's throw decides the bet. He bet that in *three* throws he could *beat* nine; he did *not* beat it, and therefore A wins the money.

HARTFORD.—It is impossible to answer your question sufficiently precise to decide a bet: but the South America's, 26 miles in one hour, on the North River, is the best time we know of. It is not likely that that time has been approximated either on sea or lake, neither has it been beaten on any river, to our knowledge.

HUNKEY BOY, Montreal.—*We* like your style, muchly. Any dealer can act as agent by sending for papers to S. Toney, No. 121 Nassau street. If "Pickup" don't pick up enough, another agent will have to take the field against him. Thanks for your items.

F. B., Portland, Me.—Too long. We have used certain portions of your letter, but to have given it entire would have excluded much other matter; besides, some of the items were not fresh, other correspondents having anticipated you.

J. H. M., Co. P., 2d R. I. V., Washington, D. C.—1. You will find a treatise on the game in "Hoyle," and another in "Bohn's Hand Book of Games." 2. Items on sporting and theatrical affairs would be acceptable.

CHASSEUR, Co. B., 14th N. Y. S, M., Camp Brooks, Virginia.—Hamilton, the actor—in a wrestling bout with whom Mr. Stevens sustained injuries that resulted in his death—did perform at the old Bowery after the accident occurred.

CONSTANT READER, Quincy, Ill.—Thank you. If you could, by every means, loan us the book; we should then know how to go to work better. The expense we will cheerfully defray, and the work will be returned in a day or two.

W. G. L., Exeter, N. H.—*Billiards.*—"A's ball is frozen to the light red; A plays, and does not hit any ball. Can his opponent score one for a miss?".....Yes.

G. H., Rouse's Point.—You have doubtless seen, ere this, that Shelby was at Chenango Forks. A notice of his whereabouts appeared in last week's CLIPPER.

J. T.—1. The largest theatre in New York is the Academy of Music. 2. The New Bowery will seat about 4000 persons, and the Old Bowery 3000.

J. CHAFFEE, Basking Ridge, N. J.—Madame Ponisi is the name of the lady who performed with Mr. Forrest at the Broadway Theatre, at the time you refer to.

L. M., Woonsocket, R. I.—The lady is in Europe, but, we believe, is expected to return to this country soon. Her brother we have no knowledge of.

INQUIRER, Thornbury, Del. Co., Pa.—F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, published a little book, which, we believe, gives some information about the game mentioned. Drop him a line.

SUBSCRIBER.—Musical notes are said to have been invented by Guido Aretin, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, A. D. 1025. The notes at present used were perfected in 1338.

D. Mc C., South Providence.—We did not preserve the challenge. It was an offer to meet any man in America, and the boys were anxious to know that a forfeit was up, before replying.

A BROOKLYN BOY.—Will endeavor to give you the facts in our next.

MIX AND TAKE IT.—We did not preserve the notice—send another, and it will appear.

HARRY BLAKE, Boston.—Tom King's height, as we find it recorded on his photograph, is six feet two and a quarter inches.

H. H. C., Schenectady.—We are unable to give you the information desired.

A FRIEND OF THE PROFESSION.—Thank you. Fresh and reliable items are always acceptable.

BOSCUS, Cleveland, O.—Your letter was late in reaching us. We go to press on Monday evenings.

J. B. C.—There are such nurses, we are informed. Mayor Opdyke can probably give you all particulars.

GEORGE, Po'keepsie.—Their movements are generally recorded in our amusements.

WARDMASTER, Bedloe's Island.—Can you call for that number at our office through the week.

G. H., Philadelphia.—Send it along, George. "Mendoza" forwarded.

C. W., Portland.—We do not know why you have had no reply from Mr. White.

P. P., Philadelphia.—Crowded out last week. Continued in this issue.

J. A. S., Boston, Mass.—Sayers' fighting weight was 152 lbs; Mace's, 158 lbs.

J. B. C., Salem, Mass.—Thanks for your kind intentions, but we are supplied.

T. B., South Canton.—Already supplied.

TURPIN, Baltimore.—Five dollars.

M. W. B., Cleveland O.—See foreign ring department.

C. C., Milwaukee.—Yes. That leak has been stopped.

HARRY DIAMOND.—*Ten Pin Player.*—We have a letter for you.

ARAB.—Accepted.

HEENAN AND THE BELT.

It is uncertain yet whether King or Heenan, or either of them, will fight again for the belt. King has received the battle money, and was in possession of the belt, at last accounts, having deposited £100 as security. In a letter received from Jack McDonald, it is stated that King will not fight again. Here are McDonald's remarks:

LONDON, Dec. 1, '62.

FRIEND QUKEN—King will not fight again. He has the belt for a week or two, but had to deposit its value with the stakeholder. Mace, however, is not entitled to the belt, unless he wins it by a fight, or his challenge remains unaccepted for three years, in which case it would become his own property. He has challenged King, Heenan, or any other man in the world..... Heenan looks well, and is in good health. I do not *think* he will fight again, although I could get him lots of money if he would agree to make another match. I don't think I should advise him to fight again.

Mace was not present at the giving up of the stakes. King collected £18 for him, of which sum, he, King, contributed £6, the same as Mace gave him when King was defeated in their previous match.

King has gone into the circus again, and Mace has also resumed his circus business.

Heenan is the lion of the town, and there is a great disposition manifested to induce him to enter the ring again, and try once more for the belt. Mace says he would like to try him, or King either. We shall see. I will write to you again, if anything turns up. JOHN MCDONALD.

THE LAST "DISASTER."

The issue of Burnside's attack on the rebels at Fredericksburgh, has not been as disastrous in its results as was the Pope campaign, except in the dreadful loss of life that accrued from it, as our army maintains the position it occupied before the attack, which Pope did not, Washington and Baltimore being in danger from his defeat. But the result is bad enough to make the whole loyal people of the North despair of success, as they now plainly perceive that the fault of all our military blunders, lays at the door of the administration at Washington. A noticeable fact in relation to the progress of Gen. Burnside in the late Halleck campaign against Fredericksburgh, is, the quiet manner in which the delays and slow advance of our army has been received by the radical press. Not a word has the *Tribune* had to say about "dirt digging," "turtle movements," and all the expressions of contempt and abuse it used to fling at McClellan, when he was suffering, like Burnside has done, from the incompetency of the government officials of the war department. In fact, the animus of the abuse of McClellan is now plainly to be perceived by the most obtuse individual. Day by day do facts present themselves, proving conclusively that Gen. McClellan has had it in his power to take Richmond, and would undoubtedly, have done so, but for just such obstacles as the trial of McDowell proves he had to encounter, from the very department from which he ought to have received every aid and countenance. Another fact, too, is becoming plain to the popular mind, and that is, that the radicals have not deemed it desirable to take Richmond, or to crush the rebellion. Their programme is now published in full—vide Conway's resolutions—and the purport of it is, that unless this war is made one entirely against slavery, and not against the rebellion, they would prefer to have a dissolution of the Union. How long, we would ask, as the whole loyal press have already asked, are we to be subjected to the imbecility and mismanagement that marks the present administration? Is the President determined to inaugurate a revolution in the free States, that he tries the patience of the Northern people so much by keeping in office the men that have made themselves so obnoxious to every lover of the Union?

In the removal of Gen. McClellan, the administration committed one of the most grievous errors of the war. A truer patriot than "Little Mac" never lived, and a better general cannot be found in the whole Northern army. If the administration wish to regain the confidence of the people—if the administration desire a successful prosecution of the war—let Gen. McClellan be given the supreme command, and all may yet be well. He has done more for his country than the "administration" has done. Twice has he saved the capital, and once saved Maryland and Pennsylvania from the horrors of war. The people demand that McClellan be restored to the "head of the army," if the whole Cabinet must be removed. Let the President look to it.

SPADES.—The use of the spade and pick by our troops at Fredericksburg might have saved many a valuable life in the recent attempt to approach the rebels in their entrenchments; but as these implements were decried by the enemies of McClellan, their disuse was ordered, and our brave troops were led to the slaughter without the slightest chance for their lives. Who is responsible for the massacre of our soldiers? By whose orders were the Union forces sent to their destruction? The head of the nation must bear the responsibility, for all others are subordinate to him. There is a mystery about the way our share in the war is carried on which the people cannot fathom. Our army reaches the Rappahannock in advance of the enemy, but for the want of the proper means of crossing, are compelled to wait until the rebels appear in their front, and construct their works of protection and defence. By the time those works are completed our men are thrown across the stream, and marched into the very jaws of death. If this is a specimen of the "vigorous prosecution of the war" promised us on the removal of Gen. McClellan, our chances of success are worse than they ever were before. The people are muttering; it is the sound of the coming storm; and if the powers at Washinton cannot direct our National Ship into a safe harbor, the people may put a fresh hand at the helm.

ARRIVAL OF A BRITISH PED.—Young Oliver's brother lately arrived in this city, and talks of going to California to attempt the extraordinary feat of walking 21 miles in three consecutive hours We don't know anything of his previous career, but fancy he could have got all the walking he wanted in the old country if he thinks he can accomplish that great feat, hitherto only performed by the great Dr. Charley Westhall. Jimmy Miles attempted it and failed, though coming very near, and no doubt would have accomplished it if the weather had been favorable. The brother of the new aspirant for pedestrian fame has walked several matches with Miles, and is a good 'un to go; if this Oliver is equal to the other he will probably create a sensation. In a conversation with him the other evening, he said he was very sanguine as to being able to go that distance in the specified time. We shall watch his movements and report progress. He is said to be a cousin to the Lazarus boys, and may be seen at Izzy's hotel most of the time.

CHRISTMAS.—We tender our readers the compliments of the season, and wish them all the merriment and happiness the law and the war will allow. It will be a sad Christmas to many a family.

INFRINGING THE RULES.—At the last Base Ball Convention, the Empire club sent in a communication in which charges were preferred against the Mutual club for an infringement of rules 27 and 36. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter their decision to be final. This committee met last week, and the representatives of both clubs appeared before them, and the evidence in the case was presented. The result was that the committee, after hearing the testimony on both sides, decided that the charges made had been proved, and that the games in which the players in arrears took part must be considered as null and void.

SMOKERS ATTENTION!—Those of you who don't like that unpleasant taste that a foul pipe leaves in your mouth, report yourselves at once to Adjutant General, J. H. Martin, according to his orders published elsewhere in this issue, and he will at once furnish you with one of his Piston Pipes to remedy the evil. Break rank! Skedaddle!

FRIENDSHIP SOCIAL HOP.—This club intend giving their first invitation ball, at Waterman's Rooms, corner of Canal and Varick streets, on December 24, or Christmas Eve. We hope they may have a good time all round, and go home with the girls in the morning.

NEWMAN, THE BOAT BUILDER.—Our old friend, Geo. C. Newman, the well-known boat builder of this city, is now a Captain in the 47th Reg't N. Y. S. V., located at Port Royal, South Carolina.

RUTGER SOCIAL CLUB.—The first invitation ball of this club will come off at the Assembly Rooms, 207 Bowery, on the 7th of January.

OWLS.—The anual invitation ball of the Owl Club, is set down for this evening, 23d, at the Apollo Rooms.

THE SKATING SEASON.

On Monday, 22d, the Central Park Ponds were to have been thrown open to the public.

The Fifth Avenue Pond had a number of the subscribers on it on Saturday, cold as the weather was; the locality admitting of a partial protection from the wind, owing to its being situated on low ground, surrounded by the high embankments of the streets that border it. The managers made a mistake in not allowing a larger quantity of water to flow in than they did, but the mild weather at the early part of last week, misled them, and a hard frost caught them unprepared, in a measure, to reap the full benefit of it, in having a clear and uninterrupted field of ice. They have, however, a very good field now, and will have a better one after the next mild spell. The condition of the Central Park Ponds will induce many to avail themselves of the facilities of the Fifth Avenue Pond.

The Brooklyn ponds are all in operation, and during Christmas week gala times will be had on nearly all of them. The Union Pond was opened on Saturday, and intensely cold as the weather was on that day, crowds of people were present during the afternoon and evening, the ladies bravely facing the breeze from the northwest in pursuit of their now favorite pastime. We cannot speak too highly of the pains that have been taken by President Cammeyer to promote the comfort and convenience of his host of patrons. The arrangements, in this respect, are decidedly superior to those of any other locality. On entering the enclosure, on the left is a building devoted to those who desire to prepare themselves for the sport, there being seats supposed to accommodate fifty at a time. On the right is the commodious office and private room of the President. Next to this is the large, neatly painted, papered, and well-warmed refreshment saloon, under the control of Mr. Mott. Next to this is the apartment arranged as a depository of cloaks, coats, skates, &c., there being nearly 300 separate compartments therein for that purpose. Beyond this is the long and well-ventilated ladies' room, with a private retiring room attached; and next to this is the skate department of the gentlemen who are to have charge of the hire of skates.

This skate department of our private ponds is one of those features of such localities that either greatly adds to or entirely mars the comfort of the subscribers, according to the manner in which the department is managed. There are hundreds who visit these ponds about once or twice during the season, without any design to skate, but merely as lookers on; but when they get there, and see the sport, they are led to desire a participation in it, and hence, rush to the skate department to hire a pair. Now, it is a great annoyance to find that there are either none to be had, or if there is a department of the kind, it is so ill provided for, that they cannot get what they want.

Beyond the skate room, above referred to, is an extensive building, containing rows of seats for spectators—it was used for such a purpose during the ball season, over 500 ladies being seated in it at one match. This is covered and enclosed on three sides, and is the best place within the enclosure to watch the movements of the skaters, and will be the place where the "artists on ice" will most congregate during the season. On the opposite side there is a building with three large rooms, which are to be fitted up on occasions when the pond is unusually crowded. We must not forget the handsome Pagoda, in the centre of the pond, which is itself a feature of the place. In this is contained the celebrated "Strepihaleton," or steam organ, that the proprietors have secured to furnish music for the season. Though, doubtless, attractive as a novelty, we confess to having a preference for the enlivening strains of a good band of music. The pond next in importance and popularity is that known as the "Washington," located on Fifth avenue. It was to have been formally opened to subscribers on Monday. The arrangements, in the way of refresments, skate, retiring, and cloak rooms, are commodious and satisfactory to the subscribers, and that is all that is required. On Saturday, the high wind that prevailed, caused an accumulation of dust on the pond, from the newly graded streets adjoining, but men were at once employed to sweep it off, and this obstacle to good skating was shortly removed. The facilities for reaching this pond are superior to any other, as the Fifth avenue cars, from South Ferry, and the Coney Island cars, from Fulton Ferry, go direct to the pond. Mr. Oatman has entire control of this pond this season.

The other permanent skating pond of Brooklyn is that of the Capitoline Club, located at Bedford, to which the Fulton-avenue cars go direct. This is devoted exclusively to the use of subscribers, none else being admitted, and there are to be no carnivals, feats, or similar entertainments in it, it being designed solely for the exercise of skating. The accommodations are less extensive than the Washington Pond, though doubtless sufficient for the number of subscribers. This pond has the greatest area of ice, and the least average depth of all three, it being nowhere over three feet in depth, whereas both the others are deeper.

The other Brooklyn ponds are the Nassau, Monitor, Willow, and Cooper ponds, located respectively on the routes of the Flatbush, Greenpoint, Grand-street, and Fort Hamilton railroad, all but the Grand-street route starting from Fulton Ferry. You cannot get on to any car leaving the Fulton Ferry, without being taken within a few blocks of one or other of the above places.

Next week we shall give the Christmas doings of the above ponds, on all of which the holiday is to be celebrated.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS.—Amateurs at billiards will find ten first class Phelan Tables at the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Broadway. The room is pleasant and well arranged, and is under the personal supervision of the Proprietor, THOMAS T. STONE, well known as one of the oldest and best billiard players in the country, who will be pleased to receive a visit from his friends, both old and new.

N. B.—Orders received for anything in connection with the trade. 37-4t*

BILLIARDS.—BRAISTED VS. CONNOR.—Messrs. Peter Braisted and Chris. Connor, both proprietors of first class billiard saloons, displayed their abilities with the cue in opposition to each other, for $100 a side, 500 points up, at the establishment of the former, on the evening of the 18th inst. Chris. was the favorite in betting before commencing, and during the major part of the game, which was evenly contested, they being tie no less than five times. Towards the close, however, Braisted gradually gained, and finally won by 55 points. Mr. Connor afterwards offered to renew the battle for $250 a side, but as yet, we believe, Mr. Braisted has not taken up the gauntlet. Braisted's highest run was 38, and Connor's 31. Both of them can and should do better.

GOLDTHWAITE VS. CANN.—These billiardites knocked the balls around in the most lively manner on the evening of the 20th, at Elizabeth City, N. J., the former winning a game of 700 points by 131, notwithstanding that Cann helped himself to a large run of 131. Goldthwaite scored from 75 to 80 no less than four times. His average play is steep now, all the time, we are told; and any number of people go daily to see how he does it, at No. 22 Cortland street, where mine host Geary bosses things, and has them always in apple pie order.

THE CALIFORNIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—There appears to be considerable rivalry between Messrs. Lynch and Little, of San Francisco, in reference to the Championship of the Golden State, and two or three matches have been played by them, to see who's who, but judging from the following challenge, given in the California *Spirit of the Times* of Nov. 8th, the question is still undecided:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Seeing that the papers insist on giving the title of "Champion" to Mr. J. Little, although beaten by me in the last "match" played and for double the amount previously played for, I now offer to play Mr. J. Little the same game for five hundred or one thousand dollars in one week from this date. Mr. Little being in fine practice for the coming "bout" with the "Old Chief," can have no objection to the shortness of the time.

DANIEL LYNCH, Champion.

THE CALIFORNIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—Lynch and Little are still playing cards, and it is getting to be a cuerious controversy. Lynch wants to lynch Little, and Little thinks little of Lynch. Four fives will be the only cards to rake the pile, if they don't soon stop. Make a ring boys, make a ring.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 8-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 28 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

OFF FOR THE GOLD-DIGGINS.—Billy Meehan, who lately came from California on a visit to this city, with a cart load of presents from the New Yorkers of that region to their friends here, started back for San Francisco last Thursday. Billy had a gay time here, and no mistake; and the yarns he'll have to spin with Dave Scanlan, Tom and Jim Maguire, Tim Macarty, Johnny Lazarus, etc., etc., would fill a good-sized book. We wish him a safe journey to the land he's bound for, and hope to hear from him by letter.

THE MUTTON SUPPER.—There was a perfect blockade around Jack Bath's house last Tuesday; it was all a fellow could do to get through the street even. This was more than compensated for afterwards though, by the elegant and well-arranged *table d' hote*, under the supervision of that sprightly and lady-like little body, Mrs. Jack Bath, (if we may be allowed the expression,) who was unceasing in her efforts to make everybody sociable, from the fiddler to the parson—that's Jack, you know. There was mutton roast and mutton boiled, mutton stewed and mutton broiled, with all the fixins to match, and such tender mutton, too! When the lady guests say so, you wouldn't be so impolite as to ask for any one else's opinion. Of course not. 'Cause you know it wouldn't make any difference. From nine till two or three o'clock in the morning, crowds kept pouring in, and all had to "take their mutton," whether or no. What made matters more lively, Jack had an old fiddler playing the whole time some of those real old Irish tunes that always set a fellow's legs going, whether he can dance or not, and several dances were had, a number of young ladies from Harry Hill's kindly dropping in "for this night only" so as to form setts—there's little fun in dancing unless the sexes get mixed, is there Fan? "And thus they passed the hours away, without no care or woe." Jack Dwyer is tending bar for Bath, the same quiet, inoffensive young fellow that used to spar with Tom Mack, now "a worker" at Tammany Hall. A good team.

RACING-GLADIATORS.—Jimmy Elliott and Coleman, of Boston, had a spurt of 100 yards, said to be for $100 a side, one day last week, in Boston, Jimmy coming in a "handsome winner." Nothin' personal, young fellow—nothin' personal. Time, 10 sec. Our New York boys will have to wake up, or those "careless" coves may soon make our city only a village—comparatively speaking, in the way of sports. Wake up, Charles Henry!

BOSTON AGAIN!—Charley Clarke's gone there now, and if this emigration isn't stopped, there won't be a corporal's guard of us left. Why don't some of their boys come on here oftener? Yes, why don't they? That's the question.

NOT ELLIOTT'S DOINGS.—What? Why the talk about his wanting to fight Coburn so bad? It was more bar-room talk than anything else; so Jimmy can't be blamed, or considered as "puttin' on airs." We're glad to hear it. When he's done growing, then nobody will wonder if he don't go to England and tackle the Champion. You see.

PROSPECTS OF A FIGHT.—BILLY DONNELLY VS. SHINER.—Mr. William Clarke, of the Gem, received a telegram on Saturday to send Donnelly right on to Boston, as they wished to back him against Young Shiner, one of the cleverest light-weights down East. As Billy hasn't done much lately, we guess he'll call it a go, and commence reducing his corporosity right off. Here you have it, New-York against Boston. Bully for both! We shall have all the points by next week, if anything transpires.

TAKEN DOWN A PEG.—That party of Massachusetts tycoons going to knock Harry Hill into the middle of next week, were awfully mistaken when they commenced it, and got pretty much hurt generally. It was lucky for them they didn't attempt to clip anybody's wing, or all Hurlgate couldn't save 'em.

HOW ARE YOU, TIM CONNER?—Young Timotheus, one of Sam Freeman's cleverest *proteges*, has turned up alive and kicking, after many years of seclusion from the sporting ring. He showed at Izzy's, and about five hundred other places, "more or less," as the Ex Q. C. would express it, on Saturday evening. Tim, me brave boy, where are you going Sunday?

YOUNG BARNEY REDIVIMUS!—Barney Murphy, the boss plumber, and one of the boys well known as a rattling sparrer, has fallen in among the rank and file of the Houston guard sporting army, and prayerfully solicits somebody to set the ball in motion for an exhibition, so that he can don the mits with somebody. And must this faint hope die, while forty thousand New-York boys don't know the reason why?

ANOTHER SOLDIER! EH, WHAT?—Mike Leavitt, the game and skillful opponent of Harry Finegass some years ago, is now serving Uncle Sam as a lieutenant in the army. His regiment we are not able to ascertain. Do any of you know?

AMONG THE "STUGENTS."—Professor Molineux, the black, who, for a long time kept a gymnasium at Worcester, Mass., is now engaged at $1,900 a year, at Cambridge, to learn the young collegians how to strike out from the shoulder, and other muscular wrinkles hitherto so much neglected among those roosters, yclept, the "upper ten." Good for the Cambridge "Dons." We'll have to call on Brother Ferris, of our University, and suggest that he employ Bill Clarke, to put his pupils through a course of sprouts, too. A first rate idea, the Chancellor will say when he gets the CLIPPER this week—we know he will.

BEEN IN KANSAS SOME TIME.—Professor Bailley, the colored boxer of Boston, is located at present in some part of bleeding Kansas. This dark son of Pugil follows up teaching the "arts and sciences" (as Bill Hastings used to say), we believe, and is making out good.

THE CRY IS "STILL THEY GO!"—The Junior Izzy Lazarus, or Young Sims Reeves, was to have sailed for California on the 22d inst. Billy Meehan will most likely see that "Izey," as Tim Conner calls him, gets a good berth out there. The newly arrived English pedestrian accompanies him. A pleasant voyage, and lots of luck when you get there.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—They say the young bantam, now matched with Johnny Lazarus, in California, is not Pete Dailey, "by good rights," but Denny Haley, one of Jimmy Hart's phemomenons. Some of the boys remember when Hart (peace to his ashes) was on here from Boston, and had a benefit at 22 White street: well, that night two little shavers, about the size of a quart mug, made the best set-to of the evening, and one of that couple is the identical chap that's going to fight with Lazarus. It's some time since we saw Denny, and, therefore, can't speak by the card as to his present standard of skill. His friends, however, allow he's a killer, and smart as lightnin'. If that's so, there'll be "an illigant fight," sure, for nobody denies the beautiful science of Johnny Lazarus—do they, now? As in every other department, we have young wide-awake friends, who will see to it that "the little CLIPPER" gets all the news.

JOHNNY ROBERTS A GONER.—It is said that the Chicago Pet, an old chum of Jack Laverty, is now in Australia, doing first rate. The boys are getting scattered, ain't they? Who's booked for the next gravel train?

FATHERLY COUNSEL.—In view of Johnny Lazarus's "fleshing his maiden sword," to speak poetically, as a gladiator, the old patriarch, Izzy, has sent several pages of MS., full of sound, practical advice, as to how he expects his boy to behave in fistic battle. Says Izzy:—"If you get a smack in the nose, take it like a man! Don't get out of temper, but keep cool the same as Harry did with Horrigan. Don't be over-confident, and, above all, get in good condition, for if the man you are about to fight is as clever as you, condition will do a great deal towards victory. I hope you'll win, but if you should lose after making a game fight, I shall think none the worse of you. I know you'll never disgrace the old stock." Sound man, Mr. Lazarus; we trust your timely and excellent suggestions will be acted upon.

UP TOWN FREE AND EASY.—Ned Harding, the celebrated singer of the concert rooms, has opened a sing-song on Eighth Avenue, between 22d and 23d streets. We shall take a trot up there soon, and see the show.

PIPE LAYING.—There's some talk about getting up a little affair between Ed Tuohey, "White-Headed Ned," and some other boxer about his own weight and inches. Let's have it for our New Years'.

ITEMS.—If our boxing friends in the army and elsewhere will send along any little items about the boys of their vicinity, we'll dish 'em up newspaper fashion, and give due credit. We're used to pretty tough manuscript, so don't be afraid because you can't write like an engraver.

CHESS.—NOTA BENE.—In reference to the Problem given in our last from the *Era*, we find the following in its next issue:—

MR. EDITOR—Sir: I am sorry to find that in my Problem No. 2, which appears in last impression of *The Era*, there is a White P omitted on White's Q B 2d. Please to rectify this serious error, and oblige your obedient servant, J. G. CAMPBELL.

SOME SEAL.—A large grey seal, weighing about 200 lbs., was recently caught in a seine at Watch Hill, Conn., by a party of gentlemen while fishing for bass.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 295.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, have prepared an amusing pantomime for the holidays, with Mr. Chas. Gibbons as the clown. It is said to be a *re-churchy* affair.

George Christy's Minstrels filled up last week at Rochester and Buffalo, the last three entertainments being given at the latter place. They appear at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Christmas day. The company as now organized, comprises George Christy, Billy Quinn, N. W. Gould, J. S. Marland, Eugene Florence, Frank Spear, F. Boniface, T. Warren, L. Jacobs, A. Wood, and R. Thompson.

MUSIC HALLS.

Philadelphia music halls are thus noticed by our correspondent, "Wattie Rusher:"—"The Continental, since it has changed hands, has done a fine biz. Most of the old company will remain until after the holidays. Fred Aimes understands the wants of the community, and is doing his utmost to please. M'lles. Augusta and Marie, from Pittsburgh, will appear here shortly. Jackson Haines, the skater, is also under negotiation. Geo. W. Smith has introduced a new ballet entitled 'La Fille du Danube;' the competition between Mr. Yates of the Casino and Mr. Smith is pleasingly interesting; it is hard to tell who beats. The nigger *corps* at this house is capital. The pantomime 'Raoul, or the Magic Star,' was brought out last week and has been a great triumph. Mr. Wm. Post, second orchestral leader, has gone to the war as band master.....Bradford's Olympic is picking up. The ballet at this place has improved much since my last. Jim Thomas is stage manager, and Tom Vance, comic vocalist. Nigger biz. is good, and quite funny.....The Canterbury has been repainted, and looks as prime as a Quaker in a straight coat, only not so solemn. Mr. Gardiner attends to the outward man, and 'slings' the nightly crowds, while the food for thought is furnished by such as Harry Enochs, Billy Boyd, and Billy Wright. Afric's sons are their principal guns.....Fox's Casino is doing a large biz. M'lle. Zoe will run a strong match with Galletti, who returns this week. Every one praises the steps of Zoe, and predicts a most brilliant future for her. Miss Lalande is in her second week, and is a great attraction. Miss McCormack is still here, and as blithe and young as ever.....At Long's Varieties, they are preparing for the holidays. Miss Sallie Duval is their new vocalist. She sings prettily, but had a cold when I dropped in that night, and her words were not altogether distinct. Mr. W. B. Fox is the French and wench dancer. Helena Smith is also here. G. R. De Louis, with his trained dog, is here, and the Wallace Brothers, gymnasts; Harry Clinton is also here. Fanny Gilmore intends going West shortly..... The Metropolitan is flourishing with J. H. Young, Ella Zoyara, H. Wharfe, Viola Clifton, and Billy Bishop.

The Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, is again aiming at the target of public approbation, under the spirited proprietorship of Mr. Fred Aims, who has secured a long lease of that mammoth establishment. Associated with him are J. W. Allinson, in the very necessary and onerous post of treasurer; C. McMillan, as stage manager; and John Ritter, as leader of orchestra. In the company are the melodious Eva Brent, the graceful Mdlle. Helene, the athletic and daring Rollande Brothers, besides about a baker's dozen of charming lassies and captivating lads, whose names are duly recorded on the scroll of fame in our theatrical advertisement columns.

C. W. Hall, contortionist, is at Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, packing himself into a box measuring 11 by 20 inches, in company with 72 mineral water bottles.

Add Weaver, Master Barney, Billey Allen, etc., are still at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo. Three cars are running the Melodeon train.

Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, keeps up with the demand of the times, and gives novelty after novelty. Miss Kathleen O'Neil was well received there last week. Miss Mary Walton is also at this house, and John Mulligan is as great a favorite as ever.

"Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg," is the name of the pantomime gotten up for the Christmas holidays, at the Gayety Music Hall, Albany. We hope it may prove a golden egg to the proprietor.

A correspondent in St. Louis gives us the annexed spicy item: "The proprietors of the *New York* —— —— have been sending their papers out here, with circulars and envelopes, all free, in hope of getting the boys to bite, and correspond with them; but the profesh swear by the CLIPPER, which helped them when the paper alluded to fawned on the big guns. It won't do. The little CLIPPER can't be taken down by quack doctor papers, filled with secret disease advertisements." Oh!

The Norfolk Melodeon speculation does not seem to have been attended with success. The place collapsed last week, and Bob Hart and several of the company arrived in Baltimore on the 20th. Johnny Pierce, who was advertised to appear at the Norfolk Melodeon, did not leave Baltimore.

A new concert room was to have opened on the 22d inst., at Alexandria, Va., under the management of Dick Parker.

On the 20th ult., a number of the friends of Mr. F. Gilbert, of the Melodeon, San Francisco, presented him with a double-time chronometer watch and chain, and a gold and quartz-mounted cane; and on the morning of his departure for New York, a magnificent carriage, drawn by six white horses, and preceded by a chariot containing the McClellan Brass Brand, was sent to convey him to the steamer. Mr. F. is one of the fast and persevering managers, but with his new chronometer he will be enabled to go on the "double-quick."

Milwaukee is not without its music hall, or cheap place of amusement for the masses. Cadwell's Music Hall is now in good running order there, the stage being under the direction of Mr. C. Covelli. The "rank and file," some of very high rank, muster in the following named artistes:—Ida and Rosa Duval, C. Harrington, C. Du Crow, Alex. Ross, Geo. Fox, C. Covelli, Master Eddie, etc. A complimentary to Mr. Ross was given on the 19th.

The engagement of M'lle. Galetti and Mons. Velarde, at the Canterbury, Washington, closed on the 20th. It was very successful; on some evenings the treasurer being compelled to stop the sale of tickets at an early hour. H. W. Eagan, late of 444 Broadway, commenced there on the 17th. The Canterbury will be closed this week, for the purpose of remodeling, painting, and decorating. There will be a number of decided improvements made. The company will entertain their friends at Odd Fellows Hall, while the Canterbury is closed.

The spectacle of "Zoranda," which has been underlined for some time past, was brought out at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, on the 15th inst., in the presence of a crowded house. For a first performance, the piece is said to have passed off smoothly, and the audience gave every manifestation of their approval. The principal characters are done by Messrs. Jaques, Berry, Thompson, Reeve, Barney, and Steele, in the male parts, and the Misses Clara Butler, Celia Morley, and Louisa Wells, in those of the gentler sex. Mr. J. W. McAndrews, one of the funny men in the dark line of business, made his first appearance at the Varieties on the 15th, and met with a good reception. A ballet, arranged by Constantine, and called "The Flags of all Nations," is again on the bills.

Dora Dawron, the double-voice singer, now at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, has had an offer from Mr. Buckland, of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, but it is uncertain yet whether she will accept, or go to Washington.

The Red Man of Agar is doing a little at 15 cents a head, at his Varieties, in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Ben Wheeler, late of the American Concert Hall, Leavenworth, has opened it as a saloon and oyster house for the boys.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, which has had so many ups and downs, appears to have got into good hands at last. Messrs. Wilsey & Osborne, the present proprietors, are both popular men in St. Louis, and are doing all they can to re-instate the Melodeon in public favor. Miss Ada Laurent is one of their opening cards, and Miss Marion Hinckley, a soprano, formerly of the St. Louis Philharmonic Society, made her appearance there last week; Kate Warwick has also been added to the company.

S. S. Purdy, we hear, has withdrawn from the Bowery, St. Louis, and goes to Chicago. The Clinetop Sisters, dancers, have gone to Springfield, Ill.

Manager George Deagle, of the Varieties, St. Louis, has had a little addition to his family, the new comer being of the female persuasion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Since the death of the drama in Detroit, which was not strong enough for the under current, and a trifle too strong for the refined "one thousand," the community have taken refuge in readings and music. To be sure, Heller, Gottschalk, Solomon's Temple, the Bell Ringers, and the Panorama of the War, have drawn a few audiences, and Artemas Ward has had an overflow, but the only staple is the quieter and more rational entertainment which may be had hebdomidally. The Russell House has, for instance, been the scene of some very pleasant *melanges* of this description. There is a lady there—Mrs. Luther Trowbridge—who is said to be quite a Paganini on the violin; Mr. W. Gray, whose performances on the piano are represented as not inferior to Gottschalk's; Mrs. Swinscoe, who, with her husband, also does fine execution on a Steinway. These and other ladies, with two or three gentlemen, do the instrumental, while Mr. Siddons, assisted occasionally by his daughter, do the readings, which are varied in character. The whole affair has been a great success—the object being to provide more money for the completion of Christ Church—a tasteful and solid edifice which does infinite credit to the abilities of Mr. Gordon Lloyd, the architect. On the occasion of the last entertainment they had the assistance of R. J. Willis, who sang charmingly some patriotic and Jacobite songs.

Prof. MacEvoy's "Hibernicon" was exhibited at the Temperance Hall, Halifax, N. S., on the 10th and 11th Dec. The Professor and family were to have left there for Bermuda by the earliest conveyance.

Managers or others desiring the services of an instrumentalist, will please notice Geo. A. Florence's advertisement in these columns.

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers gave two entertainments at Odd Fellows' Hall, Allentown, Pa., on the 16th and 17th inst. This, we believe, is their commencement of another tour, after having travelled four years all over the world.

The Holman Family were doing well last week in Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va. This week they are in Pittsburgh.

An interesting exhibition is to be given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, this week, by two hundred little children, under the superintendence of Messrs. Hood & Sheldon. The entertainments will commence on Christmas day, and continue through the holiday week. The performances will comprise the "Vision of Fairy Land, or Festival of Sprites," in which a number of beautiful little children are to portray the language of flowers; "Cinderella," always popular, will add to the interest of these entertainments.

A concert and "hop," for the benefit of Mr. B. Panormo, was one of the attractions at Rivers' Academy, Brooklyn, on the 15th. The vocalists were Mrs. Mozart and Mr. C. Melville; Mr. Clark assisted with his "magic flute." Mr. Bradford "gaily touched his light guitar," and Mr. Panormo knocked spots out of the piano. There was a very fair attendance.

Father Kemp don't go it alone any longer, for we find included in his troupe "Mother Kemp," that good old soul. Last week this seemingly happy family received their friends and admirers in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and sang to them the songs of old, "of a hundred years ago." Emma J. Nichols remains with this high old party, and appears "in the identical dress worn by Queen Elizabeth, *three* hundred years ago."

Photographs of Sherry Corbyn and F. Gilbert, of San Francisco, reached us last week; and from Milwaukee we have a group composed of C. Covelli, L. Donnelly, and J. B. L. Szollosy.

In Portland they are hard up for amusements, and anything fair in this line can do a good business there; about everything in the shape of a show being the ubiquitous Dodge, who, in company with Wm. Hayward, is now giving his peculiar concerts through the State. He was in Portland on the 15th, at Saco 16th, Sacarrappa 17th, Gorham 18th, North Berwick 19th, etc.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, an old favorite in Boston, is giving a series of concerts at the Melodeon, and Gilmore continues his monster concerts, so popular last year, at the Music Hall, at the low price of twenty-five cents admission for a gentleman and lady. On top of all this, the Orchestral Union are in their ninth season of afternoon concerts at the same hall, so you see that the good people at the centre of the universe are not wanting for amusements of any kind.

The "French Spy" was produced December 3d and 4th, at the Denver City Theatre, Colorado, to a large and fashionable assemblage. Mrs. Langrishe's Hamet Caramanley, or Wild Arab Boy, was much admired. "Christmas Eve, or the Duel in the Snow," also held possession at this lively and well-conducted theatre, on the same evenings.

Mrs. Buchanan Hall, the Irish poetess, gave her first recitation of original poems, in Quebec, on the 16th inst., at the hall of the St. Patrick's Catholic Institute. We presume Mrs. Hall made a large haul of "Canadian mint drops."

Heller, the magician and pianist, opened in London, C. W., for four nights, closing Dec. 11th, having played to good business; then he billed Brantford for two nights, but only appeared one, (Cause—empty benches); thence to Hamilton, and this week he appears in Toronto.

The Panorama of the War in India and the Sepoy Massacres, with two views of the Great Eastern steamship, was open for a week or ten days in Toronto, closing, we believe, Saturday, Dec. 20th.

The "Star Vocalists"—Mr. Brown, "the greatest comic singer of the day," and Miss Marsh—are to appear in Hamilton this week.

Park Benjamin, of New York, lectured, or rather was to have lectured, two nights in Toronto. The first night, his poetical lecture on "Fashion" brought a house of only about ten dollars; and on the second night—which lecture was to be on the interesting subject of "Money"—there was only about a dozen people in the room, and the money was returned to the audience, and Mr. Benjamin's financial talents were allowed to remain in oblivion.

Mr. Batty Connolly (who, by the way, is said by our Canadian correspondent, "Peter Probity," to be one of the most pleasing lecturers he ever had the good fortune to hear) lectured in Toronto recently, on Florence Nightingale, and last week on the "Ups and Downs of Life."

In Wheeling, Va., there is a very pretty hall, which our professional friends travelling that way would do well to secure for their entertainments. It is called Washington Hall, situated in the heart of the city, and easy of access. It can be used for concerts, minstrelsy, dramatic performances, etc., having stage room, scenery, and dressing apartments. See advertisement.

We are glad to learn that Gassett & Co's Museum of Arts, in Pittsburgh, was not compelled to vacate the hall on account of bad business; on the contrary, they have done so well that they are fitting up a new hall directly opposite the Post Office, of which they will take possession on the 22d inst., with increased attractions. They retained their old hall till the 19th. We take much greater pleasure in recording the prosperity of our friends, than in noting their downfall. Two living kangaroos have been added to Gassett & Co's collection.

Rochester comes in for a good share of amusements now-a-days, and Corinthian Hall seems to be the favorite place of exhibition. This week the Ladies' Aid Society occupy the hall for two evenings, giving entertainments with tableaux, etc. Dr. Colton, originator of the "Court of Death" scheme, is to give four exhibitions with laughing-gas, etc., during the holidays. One lecture of the Athenæum course is also to be given there, and a lecture by Dr. S. S. Fitch, of New York. Recently, Phillip Snyder gave "Scenes on the Nile" to an audience of over 1000 people.

An evening can be pleasantly passed at "Dobson Brothers' Cremona," No. 8, Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. Drop in and see the Brothers.

A grand vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Maryland Institute, by the Baltimore Amateur Musical Association, on Wednesday, 17th Dec., for the benefit of the poor of Baltimore. The hall was crammed in every part by the *elite* of the city, two-thirds of the visitors being ladies, magnificently dressed. As the hall will contain over 1000 persons, the receipts must have been large.

Rev. Dr. S. Dryden Phelps, of New Haven, Conn., author of the new book, "The Holy Land, with Glimpses of Europe and Egypt; a Year's Tour," lectured in Music Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 21. Subject, "A Day in the Holy Land; or the Ancient Battle-Fields of Nations." Only 10 cents admission. The Sunday evening show biz. has always been good in New Haven.

The Steriopticon pleaseth the New Haveners, being exhibited before the Young Men's Institute, Dec. 18th, 19th, and 20th, on the proprietor's "own hook;" on the last mentioned afternoon, at only ten cents admission, free to the children of both Orphan Asylums and the Mission School. There's charity for you, according to Jefferson, without regard to creed or persuasion.

"Remember the Orphans." They seem mindful of the injunction in New Haven, Conn., where they have arranged a benefit for them. Spencer T. Parmelee, Esq., has given an elegant seven octave violin rosewood piano, of his own manufacture, to be disposed of for the orphans' benefit (may it bring them many notes), also the gratuitous use of two others. Prof. Silliman, Jr., of Yale College, will deliver a scientific lecture. The evening selected is Dec. 23d, and the lady managers pledge themselves that the proceeds shall not be swallowed up by expenses.

The Beethoven Society, of Hartford, assisted by the Germania Orchestra, from Boston, will perform the "Messiah," at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 26th. Solos by Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Risley, Miss Barker, Mr. Huntington, and Mr. C. A. Guilmette, of Boston. A. G. Barnett, conductor; W. J. Babcock, pianist.

Dr. Colton gave Laughing Gas entertainments in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 19th and 20th.

A sacred concert for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, was given on the 21st, at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, by the German Union Relief Association, of that city.

"Afflictions sore, long time they bore" appears to be the rule among the good folks of Brantford, C. W., by the disappointments from public men they have submitted to lately. For example, a Mr. Bass was to have delivered a lecture on Canada's Fortune, at Kirbye Hall, and Prof. Palmer and wife advertised to talk about phrenology, physiology, and all the other ologies, on the 16th and 17th insts., in the same hall—for some unexplained reason, they all failed to connect. Professor Heller, too, "the unrivalled English Illusionist, Magician, originator of Second Sight, and the most superior Pianist in America," *vide* the bills, went back on the folks and didn't give half a show. Isn't it piling it on a little too thick, all that stuff quoted above? We don't believe it helps him any.

"Express Train" lectured at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 19th inst., on the Downfall of England and Uprising of America." If talking would alter matters, George Francis might revolutionize the world; as it is, we don't believe his startling orations have much effect, other than to benefit himself financially. Guess that satisfies George.

Dr. Colton, with his laughing gas, has made considerable fun up in Utica, N. Y. Quite a number of persons inhaled the compound, and were exalted thereby accordingly. They sang, danced, laughed, made speeches, became affectionate, patriotic, and so forth. One chap, a sojer feller, kept the crowd in a roar by singing "Betsy, my Betsy," "Sigel the Dutchman," "Hurrah for McBurnside," and other ditties. He said he had enlisted, got his $100 bounty, and Betsy told him to put it in the bank, and a good many other things he wouldn't have said if he'd been sober. Altogether, there was considerable fun up in that locality the past week.

A Miss Helen Dresser has been lecturing in Boston on the habits, customs, and religion of the Mormonites. An interesting topic for a young lady to lecture upon; but she's been among them several years, and ought to know all about their peculiar institutions. We presume she is an anti-Mormonist by this time.

CIRCUSES.

Billy Armstrong, the tumbling clown, is with Carrie's Circus, Berlin, Prussia. Billy likes things there first rate, and intends taking unto himself a wife, in February, an English lady that is "some" on the horse. He has sent for his brother Tommy, who leaves New York soon, to join him. Billy is to be in London, England, soon, for a short time, to negotiate for Tom Sayers' mules. Tom Neville is also in Germany, and has formed an alliance with a fascinating "Deutcher Frauline." Tony Pastor's brother is somewhere around about there, too.

Nixon's Circus, in Alexandria, was still doing well last week. It is probable that the concern will stop there for some weeks, yet.

Toul's Circus, which has been performing at Guilbault's Garden, will probably lease the Montreal Theatre, and carry on their business with horse pieces, for the winter.

While theatres prosper in winter, circuses are "laid up in ordinary," and but very little business is done by the people connected with those concerns. Summer is *their* harvest, and if they do not make hay while the sun shines, their prospects for the winter are cold and cheerless. Since music halls have come into favor, a few of our circus friends find winter engagements in them; but the great bulk of the profession are compelled to lie idle until the sun begins to throw out its heat, and remind the traveling showman to prepare for the spring and summer campaign. In some of the cities, a circus troupe occasionally manages to eke out an existence in competition with the theatres, but it must be some extraordinary and first-class performances that will make money for circus managers. Ring attractions, combined with dramatic representations, occasionally draw, but the people soon tire of them, unless a succession of novelties is kept up. What we want in circus exhibitions is constant novelty, someshing fresh and attractive; not those worn-out acts which the "oldest inhabitant" never saw the first of. A first-class circus, in a spacious and beautiful building, might be made a fixture in each of the principal cities of the Union, if properly managed. Let our friends think over the matter, and endeavor to perfect some plan whereby the circus may form a paying feature in our winter amusements.

In addition to the attractions mentioned in our last as being connected with Mabie's Circus in Chicago, we learn that Prof. Langworthy, the lion king, is engaged, and Craven's celebrated performing elephants, Romeo and Juliet. Dan Rice is engaged for the holidays.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Miss Ettie Henderson, in a letter dated London, Dec. 2d, gives us a few items concerning her own movements, and of business in London. She says:—FRIEND QUKEN: I concluded an engagement in Exeter on Saturday, Nov. 30th, and commence in Leicester Dec. 8th; after which I return to Southampton. I have engagements for many places after the Pantomime, including Dublin and Liverpool. I can only say the success I have met with everywhere has been most flattering; but, I assure you, American professionals are not treated with the same courtesy that English actors and actresses receive from us when they visit America. I do not allude to audiences, but to companies attached to the different theatres.....Business in London is frightful in the extreme. Even Dundreary has ceased to be an attraction, and "Peep o' Day" has fallen into insignificance. "Green Bushes," at the Adelphi, is being played to £7 and £8 a night, while, at the Princess's, W. Lyndhurst is receiving the same amounts nightly. Managers in London predict an unusually severe winter, while in the provinces people are literally starving. While poor England deplores the wretched condition of the American people, nothing could be more horrible than her own situation at present. The commission of crime is something terrible to contemplate; it is unsafe for a lady to go out alone in many parts of London, even in broad daylight.....Everything is swallowed up in preparation for the Pantomime.....Bourcicault has his first rehearsal at Astley's on Monday, and Falconer and Fechter are also making preparations, on a grand scale, for their respective openings.....I am delighted to hear business at home is so good. I get the little CLIPPER every week, and I assure you it comes like a ray of sunlight into a prisoner's gloomy cell.

A farce, recently produced in Berlin, bears the strange title of "500,000 Devils." It must be a — of a piece, *our* devil says.

Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, son of the late John Vandenhoff, announces, in the papers, that he is the only legitimate Vandenhoff in London. The other chaps, then, must be all illegitimate. Oh! Henery, how could you?

"George Washington, an American Creole," is up for business in England. He claims to be a delineator of negro life, and managers desiring his services are requested to address "George Washington, Esq.," Theatre Royal, Greenoch, Scotland. How are you Squire?

There's another crowd traveling on the real nig. business, and American dodge. They call themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Washington Davis, the real Negroes and great Kentucky Minstrels." They were doing the people in Belfast, at last accounts.

Miss Emma Stanley, of various ages notoriety, commenced a provincial tour at Liverpool, on the 8th inst. "How's your poor feet," after your "brilliantly successful tour round the world?" "On, Stanley, on."

A one-legged acrobat, named La Pierre, performing at the Victory Music Hall, Aldershot, is mentioned as being a truly remarkable performer.

Mr. Fechter's management of the Lyceum, London, will commence on the 1st of January, 1863. Mr. F. has succeeded well as an actor, but managing is another matter, altogether. We shall soon learn, however, whether Fechter is to succeed or not.

A very pretty circumstance is mentioned by Galignani, in connection with Patti's first appearance in Paris, in "Somnambula:" A young American gentleman—an enthusiastic admirer, of course—had previously prepared an exquisite bouquet, in the centre of which he had pinned, on an elegant staff, a miniature American flag. On her appearance before the curtain at the end of the first act, among the many which fell at her feet, she quickly espied the bouquet with the national emblem of her country, picked up that one alone, and wore it the remainder of the evening.

J. W. Taverner, "lately returned from the West Indies, Canada, and the United States," was giving readings at Brighton.

J. R. Anderson, tragedian, was at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. He was supported by a Miss Cleveland.

Mr. Wilsom, of the Christy Minstrels, had a benefit on the 4th inst., at the Rotunda, Dublin, "under the distinguished patronage of his Grace the Duke of Leicester, the Earl of Huntingdon, Viscount Germanstown, Field Marshal Viscount Gough, K.C.B., Lord Talbot de Malatride, Lord Hastings, Sir Robert Peel, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Robert Paul," and a host of other king pins. Go it, nigs.

Mr. S. Gordon, "a real live nigger," was one of the principal "features" at the Alhambra, Edinburgh.

Here's another chap turned up on the American lay. "Mr. Tom Linney, the American skate dancer, after an absence of five years," had returned to Hanley, where he was performing at the Pottery Theatre. Who is Tom Linney?

Mons. Devani, "clown, contortionist, leaper, and gymnast," was announced to appear with Swallow's Circus, at Stockton, Eng., on the 1st, but owing to an accident occurring when he entered the ring, he was unable to perform.

The "fat man," Daniel Hartley, died on the 26th Nov., at Aberdare, Glamorganshire, aged 28 years. He had travelled and been exhibited for the last twenty years through every town in Great Britain. Deceased had six perfect fingers on each hand, and six perfect toes on each foot. He weighed a little before his death *four hundred and twenty pounds!* but when in full health he weighed *five hundred and eighteen pounds!*

F. Carini, trapeze performer in London, drowned himself in the Thames, on the 25th ult. An accident while performing is said to have affected his reason.

Here is something better. Married, on the 1st inst., in London, Mr. George Howarth Weston, comedian of the Lyceum Theatre, to Miss Louise Laidlaw, a promising young actress.

The pantomime to be brought out at the Surrey, London, during the holidays, bears the very long title of "Harlequin and Mother Goose; or, the Queen of Hearts who Made Some Tarts, and the Knave of Hearts who Stole Them." Surely, this ought to prove a trump.

Of Miss Ellenor Ward, the accomplished daughter of Jem Ward, the London *Era* of the 7th, has the following complimentary notice:—"On Tuesday, 2d inst., at St. James's Hall, in a grand concert by the choir of St. James's Church, Miss Ward gained special attention by her fine performance on the pianoforte. In the solo, 'La Passione,' by Coop, the wrapt attention of a crowded audience testified to her great powers, and the wonderful execution of the fair *artiste*, not often equalled, and seldom, if ever, surpassed, was greeted by as hearty and truthful a burst of approval as it has ever been our good fortune to witness. The gem, however, was the romance, 'Alice,' by Ascher, and again the delight of the audience was manifested."

Judas Maccabœus, Handel's oration, was to be given at Exeter hall, London, on the 10th inst, with a band and chorus of nearly 700 performers. Mr. Sims Reeves was to assist in the soloes.

Mr. Tom Parry, author and actor, died on the 5th ult., at Westminster, where he had been living on the charity of the Dramatic Author's Society. At one time Mr. Parry was a light comedian of considerable repute, and at Covent Garden Theatre, where he appeared November 22d, 1830, he for some successive seasons filled some important parts. As a dramatic author he will be best remembered by "P. P.," or the Man and the Tiger, A Cure for Love, The Harvest Home, The Hop-Pickers, and The Summer Storm.

James Sheridan Knowles, the celebrated dramatic author and actor, died on the 30th of Nov., at Higher Terrace, Torquay, of disease of the heart, general dropsy, and incipient mortification of the left foot. Mr. Knowles was born May 12, 1784, and was the son of Mr. James Knowles, a teacher of elocution and grammar, in Cork. Young Knowles (his father having removed to London in 1792) was distinguished at twelve years of age as a youthful actor and author of a play: soon afterwards he composed the libretto of an opera founded on the history of the Chevalier de Grillon; and in 1708 wrote the ballet of the "Welsh Harper." At twenty he wrote "The Spanish Story;" at twenty-five, "Hersilia." In 1808 Knowles left London for Dublin, and gained some little reputation for his rendering of Irish melodies. Soon he adopted the stage as a profession. In 1809 and 1810 he acted in tragedy, comedy, and opera, Waterford being the *locus in quo*. After having been about two years with Mr. Cherry's company at Waterford and Swansea, the inhabitants of the former place subscribed towards a volume of fugitive pieces which he published. Knowles now took up his abode in Belfast; and published "Brian Boroihm" and "Caius Gracchus," which was first performed February 13th, 1815, and in which the characters of Gracchus (Mr. Macready) and Cornelia (Mrs. Bunn) were drawn with a bold and masterly hand. "Virginius" was written at Edmund Kean's request. It was brought out at Glasgow, and afterwards produced at Drury-lane during Mr. Macready's management. Then followed in succession "William Tell," "The Beggar of Bethnal-green," (which, by the way, failed), "Alfred the Great," &c. In 1832 Knowles composed the "Hunchback" on the seashore near Newhaven; it was played, as all the world knows, with success at Covent Garden, the author playing Master Walter, his one successful character—Miss F. Kemble being Julia; and Mr. C. Kemble Sir T. Clifford. "The Wife" was produced about the same time, at the Olympic. The author visited Cork in 1834, and played there. The "Love Chase" was performed first at the Haymarket, and had a run of 100 nights. Knowles himself played Wild Rake, with Mrs. Glover as the Widow Green, and Miss Vandenhoff as Lydia, while Mrs. Nisbet performed Constance. The next plays Knowles produced were "The Maid of Mariendorpt" (1838), "Love (not very successful, although very strongly cast—Miss Ellen Tree, Miss Helen Faucit, and Mr. Macready played in it), "The Rose of Arragon," (1840) "The Secretary," which was a failure (1843). In "The Maid of Mariendorpt," produced at the Haymarket, Mr. Walter Lacy was Stickland, Mr. Buckstone as Hans, and Mr. Knowles as Muhldenau. In "John of Procida," Miss Ellen Tree played Isoline, at Covent Garden. Two other productions of Mr. Knowles' are "The Bridal," from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy," and a masque, in one act, on the death of Sir Walter Scott. About this time his health became impaired, and, besides, he was not in prosperous circumstances. The Dramatic Authors' Society wrote to Sir R. Peel, and Jerrold, Serle, Planche, and Lever, urged the claims of the veteran dramatist on the Minister. Sir R. Peel offered him £300 a year, which was declined; but the merchants of Glasgow made Sir R. Peel double that small sum. Knowles became now a lecturer on oratory, Shakespeare, and the Greek drama, wrote a tale called "The Lovers," and was appointed curator of Shakespeare's house at Stratford. Of late years Mr. Knowles has played a new and singular part. He became a Baptist, and went about the country denouncing the Church of Rome. He preached everywhere with seanty success; and so far was he from proselyting among his near friends, that his only son, Mr. R. B. Knowles, long connected with London journalism, went to the opposite pole of religious opinion, and became a Romanist. Mr. Knowles was twice married. By his first wife, Miss Charteris, whom he espoused while an actor in the south of Ireland, he had a numerous family, of whom three sons and three daughters reached maturity. His eldest daughter was married to Dr. James D. Marshall, of Belfast. All except one son, Mr. R. B. S. Knowles, of London, and one daughter, Mrs. W. Dobbin, of Dublin, preceded their father to the grave. His second wife (once celebrated as an actress), Miss Elphinstone, survives her husband.

AMATEUR.

COMBINATION PERFORMANCE.—At Franklin Hall, Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., a "Grand Combination" performance took place, of which "Vapid" makes the following mention:—"I have enjoyed many a hearty laugh in witnessing different performances of a mirthful nature, but never so much as on this serious occasion. The performance began with "Damon and Pythias," the personifier of Damon, on this occasion, being one whose Thespian efforts I have witnessed on former occasions; he is of small stature, and plays *a la* Forrest, in days gone by, with a great deal of rant. Notwithstanding, he is endowed with considerable uncultivated talent. The other characters were below mediocrity—the young lady who played Hermion was in a funny mood, and laughed throughout the play, which terminated in the fourth act. The performance concluded with a farce called "Mischievous Tom." .....A ball is to be given on the 12th prox., at the Sansom Street Hall, in "Honor of the Company of the Walnut Street Theatre." The company are the managers. What the "honor" means, is something I can't see."

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, on the 10th inst., performed "Nora Creina," the performance concluding with recitations by the company. "Vapid," our correspondent, says:—"E. E. Hallfish, Jr., appeared in the drunken scene of Toodles, the latter being substituted for 'Naval Engagements,' which was postponed owing to the illness of Mr. Beath, who was to play Admiral Kingston. On the 17th, the Association will perform 'Cool as a Cucumber,' and 'Naval Engagements.' I would again call the attention of the members to the necessity of studying well their respective parts. They cannot be too careful in studying the text."

THE TROVATORES, of Philadelphia, now perform once in two weeks instead of weekly, as heretofore. It is to be hoped that the additional time granted them, will make the members more perfect in their renditions.

FOOT RACE FOR $1200, IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Pedestrian matters have been in the ascendant in the region round about there, and on Sunday, November 2d, quite a large attendance found themselves on the Willow Course, to see a 100 yards go, for $1000, $200 added by the proprietor, between Pedro Selaya and David Carr, the former giving his opponent a start of six feet. After a little preliminary scoring the drum tapped and Carr bounded away like a deer. Selaya made but a few steps and turned out of the track, assigning as a reason that Carr had a decided advantage in being able to see the motion of the starter who tapped the drum, while he was obliged to wait for the sound, by which Carr gained several yards at the start. Great dissatisfaction was expressed, though none seemed to attach blame to Mr. Williamson, the proprietor of the course, the matter being beyond his control. A number of parties refused to pay over bets, and in some instances where payment was made, suit has been instituted against the stakeholder for such monies. In connection with this matter we may state that the following card and challenge, published by Selaya since the race, remains unanswered up to the present time:

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice to my friends and the public that I was treated shamefully, on last Sunday, November 2, 1862, according to my firm knowledge and belief, and hereby offer to run a foot race with Mr. David Carr, or any other man, for the sum of $5,000—distance, 100 yards. PEDRO SELAYA.

WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the championship that was to have taken place at Manchester on Nov. 15, between J. Acton of Hurst, and J. Bentley of Oldham, came to "nix," through Bentley being six ounces over weight, and Acton received £25 forfeit.

COCKING.

NEW YORK AGAINST TROY.—The main noticed in our last, to take place on the 30th inst., at the Union House, between Albany and Troy, is between New York and Troy, instead of New York and Philadelphia, as stated last week. The stakes are $40 each battle, and $500 on the odd.

BROOKLYN AGAINST PHILADELPHIA.—A main between the cockers of these places will soon come off in New York.

HARLEM AND JERSEY CITY were to have fought a main on the 22d inst.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A match for $25 a side came off on Thanksgiving, on the St. George Cricket Ground, Camac's Woods, Philadelphia, between J. Bentley, of New Jersey, and Dick Mills, *alias* Big Gun, of New York, with 1¼ ounce shot, Bentley coming off victorious, killing 7 out of 10, Mills killing 6 out of 11. The St. George grounds are well adapted for this excellent sport, having a full boundary, and being well inclosed. We can recommend our pigeon-shooting friends to mine host, H. N. Barlow, who serves up the very best of refreshments there at reasonable prices.

ANOTHER MATCH BETWEEN MILLS AND BENTLEY.—These crack shots, who contended for supremacy on Thanksgiving Day, are matched for $100 a side, fifteen birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 2 ounce shot, the gun to be held in a sportsmanlike manner until the birds are on the wing. It is to take place on Christmas Day, between the hours of 10 and 11, A. M., on the St. George Cricket Ground, Camac's Wood's, Philadelphia. Mr. Barlow has charge of the catering department. We expect to give a report of the tournament in our next.

GOOD MARKSMEN.—The shooting at the 400 yards range in the sweepstakes match, between several rifle companies, which lately came off at Quebec, may challenge the world; it may be equalled, but cannot be beaten. Color Sergeant Sykes of the 17th regiment, made five bulls-eyes in his five rounds, and in shooting off the tie with Mr. Billingsley, who had made the same score, won the match after shooting a second tie, by one point. Mr. Billingsley made the great shooting of six bulls-eyes and one centre in seven rounds, and the Sergeant seven bulls-eyes in succession.

A SHARP SHOOTER AT PIGEONS.—A shooting match at pigeons took place at Pontiac, Mich., on the 10th inst., between Mr. Close, of that place, and John Taylor, of Jersey City, Mr. Taylor defeating Close quite handily. The match is reported to have been for $500. The shooting was at 100 birds each. The following is the score:—

Taylor—1111111110111011101111111111111011101111101111110111 1011111111111110011011111110111111111100011110—84.

Close—1011111101111110100110111111110110101010101011011111011 1111011001110111011001101101110100011111111—78.

STILL BETTER.—TAYLOR DEFEATED—On the 25th ult., a match was shot by Messrs. Mayhew and Taylor, at Utica, in which Mayhew shot 92 out of 100, while Taylor only shot 80. Good for Mayhew. Who can beat his score?

THE PISTON PIPE.—This newly invented article, the only one for smoking that overcomes the complaints and objections to every other Pipe on account of the rank and offensive smell growing out of its use. It may be considered a great discovery, giving the Pipe or Cigar smoker, a luxury, at once economical, pleasant, and convenient in its use. A Sample will be sent, post paid, free from observation, by enclosing 30 cents, and 4 letter stamps, to the Agent, J. H. MARTIN, Hawley, Pa. P. O. Stamps taken if new and clean. 37-

GAME FOWL.—The undersigned offers for sale his entire stock of GAME FOWLS, comprising selections from the best stock in America, and carefully bred by himself. All Fowls sold by me, I warrant Dead Game. Entrance given if required. Address PETER BRANSON, 37-6m* 1009 Portland street, Philadelphia.

SMOKERS! See Piston Pipe, Advertisement, and send for one. 37-

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE & AFTER, 25 cents each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 37-1t*

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE Magnifying 500 times,

THE GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

KING GETS THE STAKES AND BELT.

RUMORS THAT KING WILL FIGHT HEENAN BUT NOT MACE.

MACE ANXIOUS FOR A THIRD TRIAL—KING DECLINES.

MACE'S FRESH CHALLENGE, ETC., ETC.

The battle for the Championship of England, its merits and results, in conjunction with who are to be the next competitors for the much coveted belt, continued to be, at latest advices, the all-absorbing topic of conversation in England, in and out of sporting circles, and dilated upon at length by the Press. In fact, the British bump of combativeness, as Prof. Fowler would have it, is hugely developed at present, but "nobody hurt" may be quoted. However, as we are afflicted in like manner, but in a lesser degree, we propose to give some details of the giving up of the belt, etc., as we find them in our trans-Atlantic contemporaries; to give them all *in extenso*, would increase the price of paper to such an alarming degree, that we are scared off, so brevity shall be the word. From that enterprising and live little sheet, the *Illustrated Sporting News* of December 6th, we glean the following intelligence:

Jem Mace is still Champion of England, as circumstances detailed below will succinctly prove. It would be utterly useless to revive the conflicting opinions in the sporting world touching the issue of the late battle, when Tom *did* (how is now immaterial) succeed in turning the tables on his former conqueror. Naturally chagrined at the *coup d'etat* of King, Mace almost immediately proffered the Limehouse gladiator a *douceur* of £50 to fight again for £200 a side and the belt in a fortnight. The thing was meant, and the thing was put so straight to King before the stakeholder, as to whether he would agree to such a proposition, or either make a fresh match on the usual six months' terms, that there was no backing out. The Titan winner was compelled to be oracular, and he replied that he would not then entertain any proposition to fight, notwithstanding that he was extremely willing, and had an instinctive knowledge that he could again sustain his laurels if he liked. The conference ended in smoke as regarded actual business—Coney and Mace walked to the West, and Richardson and King to the East. Everything *in statu quo*, and nothing more was heard of the matter till Monday, Dec. 1, when the two latter paid a visit to the stakeholder, and there and then made a formal application for the belt, alleging that being the declared winner of the late battle, he was fairly and justly entitled to have immediate possession of the trophy, then in Mr. Dowling's hands. An exception was taken, on the other side, to this line of argument (which waxed somewhat warm on King's part,) and the result of the interview terminated in a point-blank refusal to give up the belt. The motive will be at once apparent to all old sportsmen and ring-goers. King has not covered Mace's deposit of £20 for another match, and by not doing so forfeits all right and title to the belt, which naturally and properly reverts to the gallant though unfortunate representative from Norfolk. Mr. Richardson, on behalf of King, offered to stake £100 as security if the belt was given to King for the time being, but he was met by the emphatic declaration that such a course of procedure would be a most unusual one. The money not being covered, the belt still remained locked up from prying eyes. This was decisive, and the beltless champion passed on.

Tuesday brought in its "waifs and strays," anent the same still popular and absorbing topic. King, in the evening, stepped into Weston's music hall, in Holborn, when being solicited, he went on the stage, and returned the reiterated plaudits of a highly-respectable company with hearty good feeling. Strange enough—but not less strange than true—that Jem Mace "put in appearance," as the lawyers would say, before King had ceased to tread the boards. Jem ascended the stage, and was received by tremendous cheering—a pretty good indication of what the general public feel as to the late affair. Mace bowed, and expressed himself exceedingly anxious to make another match; each having won one, he sincerely hoped there would be no objection to a deciding trial. Jem supplicated very strenuously for a reply in the affirmative. King, who was only separated from Mace by Mr. Weston himself, studied for a moment, and replied that he had come to the conclusion of acceding to the wishes of a large number of friends and acquaintances, and not entering the ring again. With this the public were bound to feel satisfied, and the rivals soon after retired from the hall, but evidently not upon the very best terms with each other.

On Wednesday King revisited Limehouse, and Mace appeared in his circus at Bedford. Both Tom and Jem, however, having promised to attend the benefit of Harry Hicks, the celebrated sporting character, at the Grecian Theatre, City-road, on that evening, the crowds were tremendous, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. A great muster of the *elite* of the sporting fraternity met to enhance the pecuniary interest of the *beneficiarie*. A good bill of fare was provided, and we noticed, among others, the well-known Alec Keene, George Brown, Harry Orme, Harry Brunton, Billy Shaw, Harry Montague, Jack Hicks, Billy Duncan, Young Baldock, Jack Brooks, and a host of others, who met to encourage the civil and obliging Harry Hicks.

Cries for Mace and King were loudly repeated, to the great consternation of our friend Hicks. After a short time, Mr. Harry Montague, late agent to Jem Mace, advanced to the footlights, and apologised for the non-appearance of the champions, announcing that they would appear later in the evening. After an hour's lapse he again appeared, in company with Harry Hicks and Billy Duncan, and apologised for their non-appearance, and read a telegram from Mace, sent by him at his circus at Bedford, announcing his inability to attend on account of there being no mode of transit. Great disapprobation was displayed, but Mr. Montague stuck like a Trojan to his task, and at last worked the feelings of the audience to the Jem Mace side of the question. Some credit is due to him for the able manner in which he tackled the 2,000 people assembled. He was about to retire from the stage when Tom King arrived, and was introduced by Mr. Montague in a very straightforward and impartial manner. At the conclusion of his address, Tom spoke up, and announced, on his own part, his decided intention of not again fighting, and retired with his backer, Mr. William Richardson. Many calls were now heard for Jack Hicks, who, with his assistant trainer, Montague, who was again spokesman, came forward, when the introduction took place, and was wound up by the remark that "twas little Jack Hicks, the game opponent of Gollagher, who, though not so big in body, had a heart as large as either Mace or King."

The benefit above quoted was not that of Jack Hicks, the pugilist, but of Harry Hicks, the East-end singer.

Matters now bring us to Thursday, and the first inkling of anything astir was the renewed visit of Messrs. Richardson and King to *Bell's Life* office. Tom immediately reiterated his wish to have the belt in his possession, but added that he had cogent reasons for not meeting Mace again in the roped arena. They were simply from the fact of having made a promise of the most binding character never to fight again. In fact, *he never would fight another Englishman; but if England ever required her belt to be defended from either Heenan, the Benicia Boy, or any other "foreigner," he might be induced to bring an improved form to the fore, to prevent that trophy from being taken out of Great Britain.* This manly behavior naturally caused the subject to be still more seriously reflected upon. His speech was backed up by Mr. Richardson instantly proffering a check for £100 as security, if King might be allowed the belt for a week; and a revolution of feeling being created by the spirited style of declaration, which much redounds to his credit, the request was granted. The interview terminated by the required security being given, and the pair departed as happy as bride and bridegroom upon a honeymoon.

In accordance with a prior announcement, the stakes of £400 were handed over to the winning man, on Thursday evening, Dec. 4, at Mr. William Richardson's, Shoreditch. We need hardly say the excitement was intense.

Soon after eight o'clock, the chair was taken by Tom King himself, on the platform at the head of the large assembly-room. On the table before him was placed the belt, which had been obtained from the stakeholder during the afternoon. As the room began gradually to fill until nine o'clock, the most important entrance was that of Johnny Macdonald and Bos Tyler, his seconds in his late fortunate encounter. Jack Hicks arrived soon afterwards, accompanied by H. Montague, Mace's late agent, and then Jack Smith, of Portsmouth. King's brothers, Jack and George, and a brace of nephews appeared, and Tom left his chair to shake hands with them. At half-past nine, Mr. Keys, butcher, Southend, proposed King's health, in a very brief speech. He observed that Tom was a man of those abilities which he was fully capable of carrying out, as had been witnessed on the occasion of the recent encounter for the Championship. He had obtained his proud position by manly exertion and science, and to the high gratification of his friends. Under these circumstances, he thought it was incumbent upon the company to drink to the health of Mr. King. The toast was received and responded to with many cheers. The chairman announced that he had just been informed by Mr. Montague's agent, that Jem Mace would arrive at half-past ten o'clock. Almost immediately upon this, Bob Travers entered the room, and the newly-elected host of the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Leicester square, was well greeted. King fraternized kindly with many of his old fellow-workmates, who flocked around him in large numbers to celebrate his triumph. About ten o'clock, the official representative of the stakeholder appeared, and paid over the stakes of £400 to Mr. Richardson and King. The money and belt were duly presented. King replied satisfactorily, and everything was conducted afterward in the due order of merriment and song, although it was evident that all were anticipating the arrival of Mace. At twelve o'clock, however, the virtual champion had not arrived.

From the *Sporting Life* of the same date we quote the following particulars as pertinent to the case:—"Mr. H. Holt, after handing over the belt and stakes on the 4th, made a speech, in which he stated that he was most happy to inform the company that the two last fights for the Championship had done more to regain the confidence of the patrons of the Ring than anything that had happened for some years, which was proved by the great muster of the 'upper ten' and the receipts of the sale of the inner-ring tickets at Thames Haven, which were £15 more than was taken at the battle at Godstone, in January last. Mr. Holt then stated that King did not intend to enter the ring again, having given his promise to that effect to his friends at his making the match, either win or lose. He (King) would, therefore, hold the belt until Thursday next, when he would either give up the trophy, or make a fresh match with Mace, if he, by any chance, altered his mind. Should King not re-enter the lists, the belt would remain an open prize, under the same conditions as after the battle between Heenan and Sayers, at Farnborough, on April 17, 1860. He concluded his speech with a very high eulogy on the conduct of both men in the battle, and ended by drinking Tom's health, which was most vociferously responded to by every one present. King, after some little time, rose, and, in a short speech, thanked the company for the enthusiastic manner in which they had greeted him as Champion of England; and after alluding to the former battle, and his having reached his high position after only fighting four battles, proposed the health of Mace, and made a collection, which he headed with £6. Mr. Bush, his backer, gave £5, and Mr. Richardson £5. The above amounts were afterwards increased to £18. This concluded the business, after which the evening was passed in a very convivial manner by the friends of the Champion.

Jem Mace has issued a challenge to the world, at weight commencing as low as 10st 10lb, which he will increase to 10st 12lb, or 11st, for £500 a side, and is most anxious to make a match, so that he may not remain idle and waste any time. The £20 staked for him, some time since, is still uncovered, and there being no chance of a fresh fight between King and Mace, is the real cause of Mace's issuing a challenge at the weights specified.

King having distinctly stated his determination to retire from the ring, he will have to relinquish the belt, and Mace will become Champion of England. Jem will not, however, be permitted to have the belt again until he has fought for it in a fresh battle, the committee of the P.B.A. having come to that decision—carrying out the precedent they established when the "Tipton" claimed the trophy, prior to fighting Tom Sayers.

Bell's Life, of the 7th, is brief on the subject, and is evidently very much out of humor with ring matters, or else, which is quite likely, not up to the spirit of the age yet, going along still in its old fogy style. We presume, also, that it finds that it has lost prestige since Dowling's dishonorable connection with the Sayers and Heenan fight at Farnborough, and not able to get over its chagrin, affects to despise that which has most promoted its success in former years, and without which, *Bell* would have tolled its own death knell long ago.

The *Era*, among other things, says—"It is pretty certain that King will not meet Mace again, nor do we blame him, for he has every chance now of getting a good living without fighting, and he probably thinks discretion the better part of valor..... What may be the future movements of King is uncertain, but we suppose he will attach himself to a circus company, as he has already received two or three advantageous offers."

The above is about all of interest to our readers. Heenan's name is mentioned once or twice, but nowhere do we find that he has lifted up his voice in answer either to King or Mace, so that what his intentions may be, remains somewhat obscure, the only ray of light being his statement given in our last, "No more fights for me."

GALLANT FIGHT
BETWEEN
JEM GOLLAGHER AND JACK HICKS,
FOR £100 A SIDE, ON NOV. 26.

The contest between these light weights produced great interest among the patrons of the art—especially at the East End, where they are well known—and a game, rattling mill was fully expected; these expectations have, to a considerable extent, been realized, and the tourney, as an appendix to the Championship, was tolerably satisfactory, although not to such an extent as if it had been finished. There had been grave doubts as to the propriety of altering the day, so as to arrange for the belligerents to contend in the same ring as Mace and King, it being deemed almost impossible that two such events could, in the present state of active demonstrative vigilance on the part of the Blues, be brought to a pleasant issue; and at first the backers of the men thought it advisable they should stick to articles, and fight on Tuesday. This resolve was considered prudent, but difficulties having arisen which would prevent Gollagher's backer from being present on Tuesday, it was finally agreed at any rate to make the attempt on Wednesday, after "the event," and, if this should prove unsuccessful, to make another attempt for the following day. The arrangement unfortunately turned out "crabs," as not only did it involve two police interferences, but also prevented any more satisfactory result than the one but too often arrived at in these times, viz, a draw. As a member of the P. R., and as a most vigorous and indefatigable second, no man is better known to those who take an interest in matters pugilistic than is Jack Hicks; and among the sporting lads of the East End he has always been a decided favorite, and has the reputation of being both a civil and well-conducted pugilist. Without going into the minute details of the past, we may briefly state that the last time he figured within the ropes was when he fought the famous Joe Nolan of Birmingham (for the second time,) for £60 a side. This battle, which was remarkable for the fair and chivalrous manner in which it was fought, took place on Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1860, on the Home Circuit, when Nolan proved the winner, there being 66 rounds in two hours and forty-five minutes. This, between men of the light weight division, was looked on as quite a model tourney; and there is one incident in connection with it that certainly may not be considered tedious to relate. Those who know anything of the Ring and its doings, and have happened to be at the ropes when Hicks has been retained as leading counsel for the defence, know well enough what "a tartar" he is to "cross question," leaving no point untouched that might possibly gain a verdict in favor of his "client." Hicks, however, in the encounter above referred to, gave proof of knowing well how matters should be; for, as his seconds during the fight followed up for the purpose of trying on the same tactics, he, to the surprise of all, as the action was quite unexpected, turned round, and in an affable, but still positive manner, told them he would much rather they went to their corners, which they did accordingly, amidst the deafening cries of "Bravo, Jack!" This was particularly noticed by the Corinthians, by whom it was remarked they had never seen a more manly, and at the same time a more honorable example set; and this unquestionably did much to enhance Hicks in the estimation of the Patrician admirers of the ring. Hicks is now 32, and stands 5 feet 6¼ inches, is fully a dozen years older than his antagonist, and this, it will be admitted by all impartial judges, was a great disadvantage to contend against. After the second defeat by Nolan, it was imagined Jack would never again figure in the Ring; in fact, he at the time intimated that he thought it was all "out of him," and that he had better not think of again entering the Ring for hostile purposes. Gollagher, who made his *debut* under the auspices of Mr. John Brown, of Drury-lane, is what is termed an "Irish Cockney," having been born of Irish parents in the neighborhood of Somers Town. Jem's first battle of any importance was with Young Dutch Sam, for £25 a side, whom he defeated in gallant style in 64 rounds, and one hour and twenty minutes. After this Gollagher was matched against Nolan of Birmingham, the latter staking £150 to £100, to fight in the month of January last, but the affair came to nothing, as the stakes, after one or two deposits had been made good, were drawn by mutual consent. There was also a match subsequent to the above event in contemplation, between Gollagher and Billy Shaw, for £200 a side, which also fell to the ground, as the friends of Jem, at the appointed meeting at Geo. Brown's, did not feel disposed to sign articles. He is not more than 21, and in height stands 5ft 5¼in, and there can be no doubt, from the moment he gained his victory over the Jew Boy, he was looked upon as one of the most promising lads of the day; his courage, by those who knew him best, being considered undeniable. It will be seen from this that Jem had all the advantage of youth, and had not seen anything like the same amount of service as his antagonist. Articles for the present tourney were entered into on Wednesday, 28th of May, so that this match was made some two or three weeks before that between Mace and King for the Championship, the articles for which were not ratified until near the close of the following month. In due time the belligerents went into active training, Gollagher taking his gallops at Mr. John Garratt's, Wandsworth; while Hicks trained at Newmarket, in company with Jem Mace; and of him it may truly be said, no man ever worked harder to get bang up to the mark. This remark may also be applied to Jem, for Gollagher, like Hicks, had left nothing undone in the shape of "sticking to it" that could in any way interfere with his fitness. In weight, the men were confined to 9st, and on Monday went to scale at Mr. Richardson's, when both were found well within the mark; indeed, Gollagher was some four or five pounds under the stipulated weight, Hicks being much the heavier. When the great event of the day had been decided, the commissary was making ready to re-tighten the ropes, when Ward, on the part of Gollagher, insisted upon the ring being formed on fresh ground entirely, stating that his man was already fighting under too much disadvantage. The ring having been pulled up and re-formed, the belligerents lost no time in getting within the ropes, Hicks having for his seconds the eccentric Jerry Noon and Geo. Crockett, while Bos Tyler and M'Donald did the requisite for Gollagher, who was the favorite at 6 to 4. Owing to the ring being removed, the admirable order of the inner-ring was in a great measure broken, but still the men, under the management of Duncan, did good service, and took special care that the gentlemen were not in any degree inconvenienced. The company was now much augmented by the arrival of those who, not being inclined to pay the stiff price for the special, had come down by the late train, and by so doing had the "luck" to miss the contest for the Championship. The toilettes of the men were soon completed, and all being ready, they were conducted to the scratch.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Hicks, though in splendid condition, showed signs of age. Gollagher was stated to be well, but we do not think he was quite in such good condition as could be wished, although he had been under the care of one of the most civil and painstaking trainers that could be selected in the metropolis. We have heard, indeed, that he was under the doctor's hands during the whole of his training. Yet, although not quite the "thing," there was a youthful bloom about his appearance that was not to be observed in the looks of the gallant Jack. Gollagher, for a young-'un, is remarkably well made, and we noticed that although he is by no means yet perfectly set, he has filled out in a highly satisfactory manner since he made his first appearance within the ropes. After a little sparring, in which the belligerents shifted in all parts of the ring, Gollagher led off the left, but was not sufficiently well to distance to be effective. As Jem took up fresh ground, Jack followed, and from the manner in which he brought himself together, it was apparent Hicks was only manœuvring for an opening to let it go home with good force. As he drew well into distance, Gollagher dashed out the right and got on the mark, but without severity. As he retreated with the side step, Hicks followed, and administered a fine left-hander on the head, when Gollagher countered with his antagonist, and, in getting away, went to grass near the ropes.

2. The instant "Time" had been called, Hicks came laughing from his corner, and was immediately met by his opponent. After a few preliminary movements, Hicks led with the left, got home slightly on the nob, and then drew from range with the back step, and took fresh ground. On again coming to measure, the old 'un let fly the left, but Gollagher, who drew up the right guard, caught the intended compliment on the fore-arm. After getting in all parts of the ring, Hicks wormed his way well in to distance, and delivered with good and telling effect with the left on the right cheek, and the right on the left side of the pimple. The men now in a spirited rally fought left and right in all parts of the ring, until Gollagher, who had got in an awkward position on the ropes, extricated himself, and went down in his own corner.

3. As the men advanced to the scratch, the seconds of Hicks claimed first blood, and the referee rose from his position, and in a loud, unmistakable voice, decided the event, the carmine being perceptible from Jem's mouth. Gollagher opened the ball by leading off the right, which he got home on the head, but there did not appear to be any stinging severity in his blows. In fact, Gollagher in this encounter committed the same fault as in his contest with the young Jew boy—that of hitting partly open-handed. After taking fresh positions, and again coming to distance, Gollagher delivered a fine left-hander on the right cheek, and got well away. As Jem broke, Hicks followed, and in rapid action the combatants were here and there in all parts of the ring. After some rapid manœuvring, they again got to business, and in the exchanges got home with stinging effect. Gollagher, with the left, put in one or two thwacks on the right jaw and mouth, while with the right he administered polishing powder on the left side of the knowledge box. Jack did duty with the left on the mouth, cheek, and top part of the cranium, while with the right he warmed up the left listener, there appearing to be a great deal more effect in Hicks' hitting than in that of his opponent's. In a rally, the men fought in a regular ding-dong, determined manner, to the ropes, when, after some severe fibbing, Hicks put in a fine dose of seasoning with the left, Gollagher making use of the right on the body and side of the knowledge-box, they closed. In the struggle Gollagher succeeded in getting his man in the right arm crook, but Jack on the instant broke from the hold, and Jem, resolved on fighting and nothing else, followed his man up, and in a ding-dong rally, in which the resin was put on in good style, they again got to the ropes, and after holding themselves up by the top one, Gollagher got from his man and went down in the middle of the ring. The pressure from without now became extremely inconvenient, and it required a vigorous movement on the part of Duncan and the "aids" to keep matters at all in the right focus.

4. Jem opened the attack by leading off the left, but did not do any excution, as the intended compliment was not to distance. As Gollagher shifted to take new ground, Jack, with a determined, impetuous action, followed up, when Jem, with the side step, got all round the ring. At the ropes the men closed, when Gollagher, who had got his back on them in an awkward position, struggled to get from his man, and in the fall, was under, Hicks falling on him heavily.

5. No sooner had they assumed the defensive than Hicks went dashing to his man to force the fighting, and after administering the left and right slightly on the head, Gollagher went down at the ropes.

6. The fighting from the opening bout had been all in favour of Hicks, and from the style in which he went to his adversary and forced the fighting, his friends became more than ever sanguine as to the result. Jack delivered a fine left-hander on the right cheek, and followed up with a stinger from the same hand on the back of the cranium. In a wild rally they fought across the ring, when Gollagher went down in his own corner.

7. Short but sweet. Hicks went dashing at his man left and right, and in a fine rally they fought on the good old-fashioned principle, the hitting, however, being decidedly most effective on the part of Hicks, until Gollagher, in getting from his opponent, slipped and went down. (The odds of 10 to 5 were now offered on Hicks, but there were no takers.)

8. Jack, on coming to distance, led the left, but did not get well in, as Gollagher not only threw up the right guard, but drew from range with the utmost quickness. As Gollagher shifted, Hicks followed, and with rapid action the men were here and there in all parts of the ring, until Gollagher, who got in an awkward position on the ropes, extricated himself and got down.

9. Hicks did not appear to have a mark about his physiognomy, a proof there had not been much severity in his opponent's hitting, while Gollagher, on the other hand, bore unmistakeable evidence that the medicine administered by his opponent with both mawleys was beginning to have the desired effect. After manœuvring round the ring, the men got to the ropes, and exchanged slightly with the left, when Jem, to avoid the close, went down on his knees.

10. Fine counters, both doing execution with the left on the head, Hicks on the right cheek, Gollagher on the mouth; they closed, when in the struggle for the fall Hicks gave his man the back heel, and threw him in beautiful style in the centre of the ring.

11. Hicks was the first to come from his corner, but he was met on the instant by his game antagonist, when Jack resolved there should be no time occupied in manœuvring, went dashing at his man to force the fighting. Jem, in getting from his antagonist, slipped, and went down, but on the instant was again on his pins, and as his seconds advanced to cover him, thinking the round was ended, he got from them, and joined his opponent, who was anxious to renew the bout. On the instant they got to measure, and at it they went in ding-dong style, fighting in all parts of the ring, until the men closed at the ropes in Gollagher's corner, when Jem slipped and went down.

12. No mischief done on either side, and Gollagher down.

13. After manœuvring in all parts of the ring, the men countered with the left at the nob, and closed. In the fibbing at half arm, both did telling execution, Hicks with the left on the dial, while Gollagher also made good use of the same mawley on the side of the head; Jack getting his antagonist in position, tried to shake up the system by another back heel, but Gollagher succeeded in breaking from him and went down.

15. The belligerents, after being in all parts of the ring, closed, when in the struggle for the fall, both went down. As the men were about to leave their corners for the resumption of hostilities, the police made their unwelcome appearance, so the contest had to be suspended. The contest up to the finish of the last-mentioned round had lasted 27 minutes, and on leaving the ring, Hicks was found to have hardly a mark about him, while Gollagher bore undeniable proofs of his opponent's capabilities, although the punishment he had received was not by any means of a serious description. There still being plenty of time, the steamers that had been engaged in case of any such emergency were brought into requisition, and with all possible despatch the men and friends got on board. When the newly-selected spot had been reached, the commissary, on going to explore the coast, found it was useless to think of landing, as the rural constabulary were on the alert. The referee then resolved upon making one more attempt before giving the matter up as hopeless. When the steamers had arived off Tilbury, most of the gentlemen declined going any further, as, from the activity and alertness of the "blues," they did not imagine there was the least chance of a satisfactory termination that day. Those, however, who had resolved to go on to the end of the chapter, had not by any means to be dissatisfied with their perseverance, for, although the contest unfortunately was not brought to any definite and satisfactory termination, owing to the re-appearance of the "blues," yet the battle was at least renewed, and those who were present had the gratification of witnessing a heroic and hard fought struggle.

THE RENEWED BATTLE.

Gollagher contended in a manner totally different to what he had done in the first ring, there being more steadiness and precision about him, and a very great deal more steam in his hitting. Indeed, Jem seemed to be cutting out the work quite on an improved pattern, and the tremendous manner in which the little fellow fought round after round, so electrified the few Corinthians who followed the "chase" up to the last that they again and again rose from their seats and exclaimed, "Bravo, Gollagher!" "Well done both." Hicks, on the whole, in the terrific bouts, had a decided advantage, and towards the finish of the battle mowed his antagonist down with a tremendous right-handed hit on the ribs, Gollagher falling in the centre of the ring, "all of a heap." Many imagined this had decided the battle, and were fully expecting to see the seconds of Gollagher throw up the sponge in token of defeat; but in this they were destined to be disappointed, for when "Time" was called, Gollagher again met his antagonist in the most resolute style to renew the battle. The superior weight and strength of Hicks were, as the contest progressed, making it more and more certain he must in the end be victorious; and the style in which the old-un kept using his right, dashing it from time to time on the head and body, rendered it impossible for Jem, with all his great gameness, to be able to long continue coming up. There were several appeals during the progress of the contest, and no doubt there were little things done on the part of both men that were not strictly in accordance with the rules of the Ring, but these were properly not taken notice of by the referee, for they were matters that were done more from the excitement of the tourney than from any wish on the part of the men to infringe. There were, in the two rings, 58 rounds fought in one hour and 47 minutes, when (it now being four o'clock, p. m.) the police again came on the scene of action, so that the contest had to be at once suspended. Though had the men fought on, the prevailing impression is, the battle would, after all, have ended in a draw, as there would not have been sufficient daylight left for Hicks to have made a finish.

REMARKS.

As to Gollagher, unless he learns to keep his hands firmly closed, he cannot expect to make a punishing fighter. He is a game lad, civil, and destined to take high rank among the light weights. He will not, it is thought, ever be a good finisher, but will have to confine himself to the pinking pretty style of men of the Bill Hayes and Joe Phelps school. Of Hicks, he has fully maintained his *prestige* as a determined, resolute boxer of the old school, possessing plenty of good will and powder, but deficient in science. He is not satisfied with the result, and has staked £100 to make a fresh match, to come off in ten weeks, on the same terms as before. The friends of both men are so satisfied that they intend to present them with the money, and to pay them for their colors.

Mr. W. Ward and the friends of Gollagher being so satisfied with his performance with Hicks, will back him for £100 a side, at 8st. 6lb., against any man in the world.

HENLY AND LYNCH.—A further sum of £2 a side was deposited on Wednesday, Dec. 3d, with Jemmy Welsh, at the Griffin, Borough. Henley takes a benefit at the renowned Professor's, as above, on Monday, Dec. 15.

INTERESTING BATTLE NEAR BIRMINGHAM,
BETWEEN
JACK PATRICK AND WM. FOLEY,
FOR £10.

On Monday, Nov. 24, at an early hour, the contest between Jack Patrick and Wm. Foley was brought to a settlement, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. Jack, who, like his opponent, is a sprig of the Emerald Isle, is a well-made and unassuming lad. He has, previous to the present fight, met and defeated Young Jaffray, of Birmingham, obtaining an easy victory, in 1860. Early in the ensuing year, he contended in a most determined and obstinate battle with Tom (*alias* Knacker) Brown, to whom, however, he had ultimately to succumb. Later in the year he was pitted with Mick Foley, brother to his present opponent, when another determined contest ensued, but just as victory appeared within his grasp, to the astonishment of every one, he gave in to his game opponent. Of William, as he is familiarly called, we have only one previous encounter to relate—that with Welsh, of Birmingham, whom he met in 1861 at Bromford, and defeated in 15 min., for £5 a side. Having arrived at the rendezvous, near the old Besom House (Sutton Coldfield district,) the scene of many a fistic encounter, the lads quickly stripped, and, having elected a referee, at half-past nine entered the ring, with little preface taking place before they commenced business. Jack, after two or three harmless exchanges, handed very severely on the ribs, and got well away, staggering, however, from the effect of his own blow, and eventually coming to mother earth. With but little exception, Jack held the lead throughout, and got on his man with great effect, repeating the dose on the ribs, and planting on the left optic and temples. William not idle, but apparently lacking physical strength to make his blows tell; but in the third round, he got well on the mouth, from which blood flowed freely, and which was claimed for him, and allowed. Towards the seventh round, William seemed to regain his strength considerably, and invested with more advantage. Still Jack, who fought very prettily throughout, was "all there." They continued on, "hammer and tongs," until the tenth round, at the conclusion of which, in closing, they had a wrestle for the fall, when Jack, in some unaccountable manner, got his foot twisted under him, and dislocated his ankle in a most serious manner, rendering him unable to show on his pins again, and thus, from this unfortunate and unlooked-for circumstance, the tide of battle set in against him, and William was hailed the victor, after fighting just within the half-hour. William showed some heavy punishment about the frontispiece; Jack almost as free from marks as when he commenced. Speculation did not take a wide range, but some little "betting" was booked at 7 to 4 on Patrick.

PATSEY REARDON AND JEM DILLON.—These ten-stone-two celebrities, whose match had been specially deferred so as not to interfere with the marked and *bona fide* antagonism of the championship struggle between Jem Mace and Tom King, and likewise that of Jack Hicks and Jim Gollagher, have fixed, by mutual consent, to meet in manly rivalry during the week ending Dec. 13. The men are both in such fettle and confidence that no rival boxers could show more of—the Hibernian Patsey having undergone his preparations at Mr. John Garratt's, Wandsworth; and Dillon at Mr. Houseman's, Hammersmith, under the care of Jack Callaghan. As before stated, Nat Langham won the toss from Ward on behalf of Dillon, who is backed from the Mitre, St. Martin's lane. Jem, therefore, took the opportunity of giving a turn to the new occupant of the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, and the weighing was, consequently, to take place at Bob Travers', on Monday, Dec. 8, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock. The weight at which they go to scale is 10st. 2lb. A rattling encounter is anticipated, and, as the journey will be a lengthened one under late circumstances of supervision, an early start was determined upon.

SPORT AMONG THE SOLDIER LADDIES.
HOW THEY GAVE THANKS ON THANKSGIVING DAY,
AT PORT ROYAL, S. C.

Notwithstanding that the chief business of a soldier is quite the opposite to fun and amusement, and more suggestive of pains and groanings than of mirth and laughter, yet it is well that at all convenient opportunities, every facility should be afforded them for sportive exercises. The reasons are palpable, made so by their results, which are cheerfulness, greater elasticity of mind and body, improved health, and a less disposition for vicious practices of any sort. Knowing these things to be so, adds immensely to our gratification at learning that on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, at Port Royal, S. C., there was great sport and much rejoicing in the camps of the 48th N. Y., and 3rd R. I. V., the officers of those regiments giving a grand *fete*. For the benefit of their friends, and as important to record, we append the:—

PROGRAMME.

Divine Service, 9 A. M., after which the order of exercises were as under:—

TARGET PRACTICE.

Three competitors from each Company. Distance 200 yards. Best string in three shots each. First Prize—Gold Medal, valued at $25. Second Prize—Silver Medal, valued at $15. Third Prize, Bronze Medal, valued at $10.

II. ROWING MATCH.

Distance one mile around a stake boat and return. First Prize—Purse of $10. Second Prize—Purse of $5. Third Prize—Purse of $2 50.

III. FOOT RACE.

Three times round Terreplein, and over 12 hurdles, three feet high. First Prize—Purse of $10. Second Prize—Purse of $5. Third Prize—Purse of $2 50.

IV. HURDLE SACK RACE.

100 yards and return; over 8 hurdles 50 yards apart and 18 inches high. First Prize—Purse of $10. Second Prize—Purse of $5.

V. WHEELBARROW RACE.

Competitors blindfolded, trundling a wheelbarrow once across Terreplein. First Prize—Purse of $10. Second Prize—Purse of $5 00.

VI. MEAL FEAT.

Exclusively for Contrabands; hands tied behind the back, and to seize with the teeth a $5 Gold Piece dropped in a tub of meal. Six competitors, to be allowed 5 minutes each to accomplish the feat. Prize—$5.

VII. GREASED POLE.

Pole to be 15 feet high. Prize—$10.

VIII. GREASED PIG.

To be seized and held by the tail. Three competitors from each Company. Prize—Pig.

IX. BURLESQUE DRESS PARADE.

Each Company will be allowed to enter an equal number of competitors for each prize.

The usual Dress Parade of the Garrison will take place at 4:30, P. M. Ball, 8 P. M. Supper, 12 P. M. Lunch at all hours. The 3d Rhode Island Minstrel band will play at intervals during the evening. The Band of the 48th New York Reg't will perform at intervals during the day and evening.

There you have it, shooting, pedestrianism, climbing, rowing, dancing, minstrelsy, music, eating, drinking, and sundry funny arrangements thrown in. Enough, surely, to satisfy the most inveterate sportsman or amusement seeker. An eye witness describes the scene and surroundings in the following language:

The games took place upon the Terreplein and were observed by the guests from the ramparts, which afforded a full and complete view of everything which transpired. The scene was very striking: the massive walls surrounding the space recalled to mind the ancient arena of Rome, the theatre of the bloody combats of the gladiators. The games inside the fort commenced with the foot race, which was watched with great interest, and the fortunate victors rewarded with the several prizes and enthusiastic applause. Next in order came the Hurdle sack which created intense merriment. Half a dozen competitors were tied in sacks with nothing but the head visible, and with their pedal extremities thus tramelled, they were required to run a race and jump over two hurdles. The absurd method of locomotion and the utter helplessness of those who were so unfortunate as to lose their balance and tumble over, elicited shouts of laughter. The wheelbarrow feat also resulted in very laughable blunders. The competitors for the prize were all blindfolded and placed directly in a line with a certain point, the one coming nearest to the goal being the victor. The fun of the affair consisted in their deviation at every imaginable angle from a straight line, soberly trotting along with the barrows, under the pleasing impression that they were making straight for the goal—of course the man who was farthest away was greeted with shouts of derisive applause, and incited to further efforts by assurances of victory. The meal feat was perhaps the most ludicrous feature of the whole. The hands of the negroes competing for the prize were tied behind them, and they were required to take a five dollar gold piece from a tub of meal with the mouth. The ludicrous appearance of the contraband's head when it emerged from the meal tub, can be more easily imagined than described. They were very earnest in their search, and it was amusing to see the anxious looks of those standing by, lest the one with his head buried in the meal should be successful and they cheated of their turn. The third one succeeded in obtaining the prize, and was so elated with his success that he was led into a saltatory manifestation of the exuberance of his joy. The Burlesque Dress Parade, which was got up entirely by the privates, was a good termination to the comic features of the programme. The uniforms were grotesque in the extreme, while the orders and manœuvres of the battalion were both original and ridiculous. The occasion was taking advantage of by the men to make some good-natured hits at the officers in the general orders which, notwithstanding their local character, seemed to be caught and appreciated by all. The games went off with *eclat* and afforded a great deal of amusement.

The prizes, with the names of the successful competitors, are appended:—In target practice, John Scanlan, Co. A, won the first prize, a gold medal valued at $25; the other prizes had not been awarded. In the rowing match, Co. F won the first prize, $10; C the second prize, $5; and B the third prize, $2 50. In the foot race, Chas. McCreaf, Co. D, first prize, $10; Isaac Cahart, Co. H, second prize, $5; Edward Lawrence, Co. A, third prize, $2 50. In the hurdle sack race, Patrick Shanley, Co. G, first prize, $10; James Beith, Co. C, second prize, $5. In the wheelbarrow race, John McIntyre, Co. G, first prize, $10; Patrick Brady, Co. A, second prize, $5. In the meal feat, Sam Pope was the fortunate contraband.

In the evening, Gen. Saxton and a bevy of ladies arrived, to take part in the ball, and, with the other guests, "tripped the light fantastic toe" till 11, P. M., when a bountiful supper was in order. The music of the 48th Regt. Band, was of the first class. At intervals during the evening, the Rhode Island Minstrel Band gave performances which were superlatively good, and witnessed by crowded audiences, who pronounced themselves delighted. Taken altogether, "a high old time" was experienced at Fort Pulaski on Thanksgiving day, 1862.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 360.

From the Era.

This is one of the queerest of querities outside of Theo. M. Brown's queer concoctions. 'Tis most laughable.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

White B 5, Q Kt 8, K R 3, K R 8, K B sq, Q B 8, Q B 4, Q 5th, and White Pawns at K 3, and K B 2d.

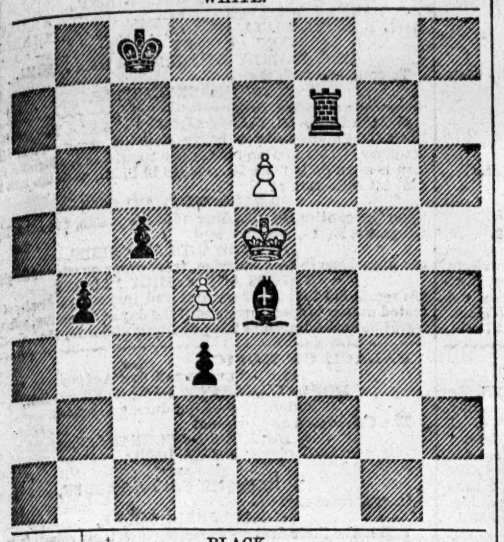
White B 4, K Kt 5, K B sq. K R 3, K R 8, Q R 5, Q Kt 5, Q B 4th, and Black Pawns at K 5, and K R 7th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 360.

BY JOHN GARDINER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 360.

Played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between our contributor E. McCutcheon and an Amateur.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, McCutcheon.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, McCutcheon	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q B to Q 2	Q × Q B (*c*)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..B × B P	Q-K Kt 4 +
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..K-his R sq	Q-K 2
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	20..Q R-Kt sq	Q-her B 2
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	21..K R-Q B sq	Kt-K B 3 (*d*)
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	22..K B-Q 5	Kt × K B
7..Castles	P-Q 3	23..K R × Q	Kt × K R
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	24..Q-her B 4	K Kt-K 3
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	25..P-Q R 4	R-Q B sq
10..Q-her R 4	Q B × Kt (*a*)	26..Q-her 5	K-Q B 2
11..kt P × B	Q-K B 3	27..P-Q R 5	B-Q B 4
12..P-Q 5 (*b*)	Q × Q Kt	28..Q-Kt 7 +	K-Q sq (*e*)
13..Q P × Kt	Castles Q R	29..Q × B P	K R-K sq
14..P × Kt P +	K × Kt 2d P	30..Q R-Kt 7	Kt-K B sq
15..Q-R 6 +	K-Q Kt sq	31..Q × Kt P, and eventually the Attack won the *partie*. (*f*)	
16..K B-Q 5	P-Q B 3		

(*a*) Up to this point the game is irreproachably opened by both players: *i. e.*, if the Attack has decided on adopting Mr. Fraser's variation. That the move in the text is not the proper line of procedure, the "Praxis" shows as follows:—

10..	Q B × Kt	17..K B to Kt 5 +	K to his B sq
11..P to Q 5 *best*	Q B-Kt 5 *best*	18..Q B-R 3 +	K Kt-K 2
12..Q P × Kt	Kt P × P	19..Q-K 4	K B × Kt (if)
13..P-K 5 (1)	Q P × P (2)	20..Q R-Q sq	Q-her B sq
14..Q × B 2d P +	Q B-Q 2	21..K B-Q 7	Q B × B
15..Q-her 5	Q B-K 3	22..Q × Kt +, followed by Q R × Q B, and the Attack has undoubtedly the better game.	
16..Q × K P	K B-Q 5		

(1) Better than Q × B 2d P +, at once, as Mr. Fraser recommends.

(2) 13..Q B to Q 2d, or K 3d, would be inferior to this move.

We here re-produce a most important and instructive variation given in the "Dime Chess Instructor," p. 60, with a masterly and exhaustive continuation from the "Chess Player's Chronicle." This Defence completely breaks drown Mr. Fraser's Attack, accompanied as it is by the sacrifice of a piece.

10..	Q B to Q 2 (3)	21..K Kt to B 7	Q Kt × Kt
11..Q to her Kt 3	Q Kt R 4	22..Q-K B 3	Q-K B 3
12..K B × P +	K-his B sq	23..Q × Q Kt	K Kt × Kt
13..Q-her 5	K Kt-B 3	24..Q × Kt P	Q R-Q sq (7)
14..Q-K Kt 5	K × K B	25..P-K 7 (8)	B × Q P (9)
15..P-K 5	K Kt-his 5 (4)	26..Q B-Kt 2 *best*	K B × B
17..Q-K B 4 +	K-Kt sq	27..K P × B *best*	Q × 2d Q
17..K Kt his 5	K Kt-R 3 (5)	28..Q × K B	K Kt-K 4
18..P-K 6	Q B-K sq	29..Q R-Kt sq	K Kt-Q 2
19..Q Kt-Q 5	Q Kt-B 3	30..K R-K 3	B-K B 2
20..K R-K sq (6)	Q Kt-K 2	21..R-K Kt 3	P-K Kt 3, and has a piece and a pawn for the exchange, and clearly an easily won game.

(3) *Best;* it wins a move, which is everything in this Gambit, or compels the Attack to sacrifice a piece.

(4) *Best;* though he might play K R to K sq, giving up the piece but retaining his P, with a very decent position.

(5) If Q to K B sq, the retort 18..Q to K 4 would be fatal.

(6) Both Attack and Defence along here are very ingenious.

(7) The proper move. If K B take Q P, as suggested by Mr. Staunton, 25..Q B to Kt 2 would win in a few moves. By the move now given, the Defence has a won game, work it how the Attack may.

(8) Mr. Fraser indicates all the moves to this, inclusive.

(9) The *coup juste:* threatens mate in two, and the Attack *must* pause to defend himself. Mr. F. and Mr. S. both appear to have overlooked this simple but important move. The Defence has six pieces to four, and can lose but one, and will easily get his K B into play.

(*b*) The attack now becomes of the most trenchant description.

(*c*) He is passing through the very furnace of affliction, and *ceteris paribus* we should rather get rid of a hostile piece than a P: but in this case the *ceteris* don't appear to be *paribus* at all, and we should make a foray upon K B 2d P.

(*d* How about advancing that centre Pawn?

(*e*) What a wretchedly helpless position!

(*f*) Probably; but the Defence now advances the centre P, and the resources of his position, bad as it is, are not all exhausted.

(*b*) Probably as expeditious a settlement of matters as any other.

(*c*) Struggles on in the vain hope that something may turn up.

(*d*) Resigned the care of the Whites, and proceeds, without moving a facial muscle, to place the Blacks in proper position for another game.

GAME No. 38.--Vol. X.

Played recently in Dundee, Scotland.

COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.

SUTER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	12..22	to 25	17	to 14
2..9	14	22	17	13..25	29	21	17
3..6	9	17	13	14..16	19	31	26
4..2	6	25	22	15..12	16	27	24
5..8	11	29	25	16..16	20	32	27
6..4	8	22	17	17..7	11	14	10
7..14	18	26	23	18..8	12	15	8
8..18	22	25	18	19..6	31	13	6
9..15	22	23	18	20..1	10	24	4
10..11(*a*)	16	19	15	21..31	24	28	19
11..10	19	24	15		Drawn.		

(*a*) A move not laid down by any author.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 37—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H.

White.		Black.	
1..18	to 14	9	to 18
2..19	23	18	27
3..28	24	27	20
4..11	7	20	11
5.. 7	23, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 102d POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..28	to 24	20	to 27
2..26	23	27	18
3.. 9	5, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

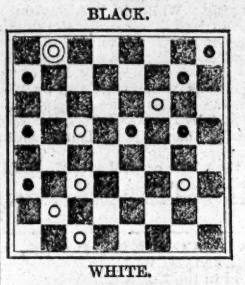
Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16	25	22

POSITION No. 38—Vol. X. CORRECTION OF H. L's POSITION.

BY JNO. E. FOX, of Yorkville.

Dedicated to M. Thompson.*

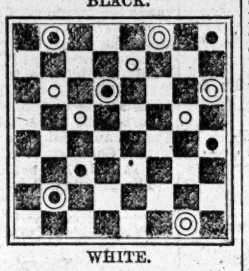
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

* Received before the original was published, but too late for insertion.

BALL PLAY.

THE BASE BALL CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of the National Association of Base Ball players, took place on Wednesday evening last, Dec. 10th, in the lecture room of the Mercantile Library Association, Astor Place, New York, which was occupied by a numerous assemblage of the fraternity, including delegates from thirty-two clubs. The President, D. Milliken, Esq.; occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order at 8 P. M. On calling the roll, the following clubs were found to be represented in the convention, the names of their delegates also being given:—

NEW YORK.—Knickerbocker—Dr. Adams, W. H. Greuvelli. Gotham—W. H. Van Cott, J. A. Dupignac. Eagle—W. M. Pease, J. W. Mott. Empire—T. Miller, W. Culyer. Baltic—E. Kingsland, J. Martin. Metropolitan—E. H. Brown, J. P. Lacour. Mutual—P. Smith, J. McConnell. Independent—W. V. Byrne, W. Steel. Henry Eckford—Dr. Bell, H. Dalton. Jefferson—J. R. Postley, E. W. Kirby.

BROOKLYN.—Eckford—W. A. Brown, R. Ketchum. Excelsior—Dr. Jones, J. B. Leggett. Atlantic—F. R. Boughton, S. A. Smith. Star—J. Mitchell, T. F. Jones. Charter Oak—J. O. Oswald, T. H. Vanderhoef. Continental—N. B. Law, J. Silsby. Olympic—L. Fenn, H. L. Hotchkiss. Resolute—F. Cowperthwaite, R. S. Canfield. Constellation—J. L. Smith, J. Foster. Brooklyn—A. Robbins. Favorita—C. W. Cooper. Hamilton—C. J. Bergen, E. R. Wilbur.

HARLEM.—Harlem—G. W. Thomson, A. G. Armour.

MORRISSANIA.—Union—D. Milliken, [illegible]

NEWARK.—Eureka—J. W. Dawson, C. E. Thomas. Newark—H. T. Dusenberry, E. H. Dawson.

[illegible] J. C. Adams, S. W. Miller.

TROY.—Victory—R. Green, J. Adams.

PHILADELPHIA.—Athletic, T. Fitzgerald, D. W. C. Moore.

NEW CLUBS.—Keystone, of Philadelphia—J. Duffy, F. A. Frazer. Knickerbocker, of Albany—W. V. B. Wynne, C. Corey. Mystic, of Yorkville—C. W. Glover, W. H. Kelly.

The above three clubs were favorably reported on by the committee on nominations, and were duly elected into the association.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen—

President—T. Fitzgerald, of the Athletic; First Vice President—J. W. Dawson, of the Eureka; Second Vice President—F. K. Boughton, of the Atlantic; Corresponding Secretary—J. W. Willett, of the Eagle; Recording Secretary—J. R. Postley, of the Jefferson; Treasurer—E. H. Brown, of the Metropolitan.

The President then announced the following committees for the ensuing year:

Committee on Rules and Regulations—J. B. Jones, W. Cauldwell, W. A. Brown, W. H. Grenelle, W. H. Bell, T. Miller, H. J. Dusenberry, J. S. Mitchell, W. H. Van Cott.

Committee on Nominations—J. McConnell, E. Kingsland, A. J. Dupignac.

The election of President was proceeded with in a manner that was highly complimentary to Col. Fitzgerald, inasmuch as he was chosen almost by general acclamation, there being no opposing candidate.

There was quite an interesting contest between Messrs. Boughton of the Atlantic, and Adams of the Hudson River, for the honor of being second Vice President, the first and second ballots resulting in a tie vote. On the third, however, Mr. Boughton was chosen.

Messrs. Brown and Postley were re-elected, and a vote of thanks passed to the retiring officers.

A communication from the Empire club was received, in reference to certain action taken by the Mutual club. This was referred to a special committee composed of Messrs. Brown, Dr. Jones, and Mott, their action to be decisive in the case.

Dr. Jones briefly made allusion to the death of Creighton, and paid a high tribute to his memory; in doing which, he availed himself of the opportunity to correct a mis-statement that has found its way into print in reference to his death being caused by injuries sustained in a base ball match. This, he said, was not so; the injury he received in a cricket match.

Mr. Brown, of the Eckford club, moved that a committee be appointed to draft a series of resolutions of condolence with his family, and also to express the sense of the convention in regard to the loss the ball playing community had sustained in his death. The President afterwards read a paper alluding to the accidental death of the catcher of the Henry Eckford club, G. V. Holt, who was shot while on picket duty in Virginia, while attached to the 13th Regt. of Brooklyn.

In the course of the evening, a paper containing suggestions made in reference to sundry amendments to the rules that had been proposed, was read. These suggestions had previously been endorsed by the committee; but on account of there having been no meeting of the same, no official action could be taken upon the communication. It was read, however, and will be practically carried out next season.

The amendments suggested were as follows, and as they were approved by the committee, we presume they will be practically carried out next season, just as if they had been embodied in the report of the committee, and the report adopted. The first was the striking out of the words "or moves" in rule 6, so as to confine a baulk to the movement of the head or arm in delivery. The second was to substitute the words "touch," "touched," and "touching," for "made," "make," and "making," in rules 17, 18, 19, and 21, in order that it should be plainly understood that the bases must be *touched*. The third was to introduce the words, "and shall remain upon them," after the words, "and shall return to them," in order that players running bases on foul balls, shall not be allowed to move off their bases after returning to them, until the ball is settled in the hands of the pitcher, as they do in cases of fly-catches, when they are entitled to leave the base they have returned to the moment they touch it, provided it is so touched after the ball has been caught. That every match next season will be played according to the above amendments, we have no doubt, but it would have been better had they been brought to the notice of the committee in time to have been acted upon in Convention.

THE AVERAGES OF THE PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.—We give below the season's averages of those of the members of the Athletic, Olympic, Adriatic, and Keystone clubs, of Philadelphia, who have taken part in the games played with the New York, Brooklyn, and Newark clubs this season; including, also, the two matches played between the Athletic and Olympic clubs. The Philadelphians have played in fifteen games with clubs of other cities, and of these they have won five and lost ten. Those they won were, one against a picked nine of the Gotham, Eagle, and Knickerbocker clubs, of New York; three against picked nines of the Atlantic, Enterprise, Exercise, and Star clubs of Brooklyn, and one against the Mutual club of New York; those they lost being their matches with the players of the two Newark clubs, those with the clubs of the Western and Eastern Districts of Brooklyn—Atlantic, Excelsior, Enterprise, Star, and Exercise, on the one hand, and Eckford, Resolute, and Constellation on the other—two with the Mutual club, and three club games and an amalgamated nine match with the Eckfords; the Olympic and Athletic clubs each winning a game of each other, and the Athletic a match with the Mutual, the Olympics being defeated in their game with the same club.

The above series of games, take them all together, were the best series of contests the Philadelphians were ever engaged in, and the general result, though against them as far as the number of games won and lost is concerned, reflects great credit on their ability and skill in a practical knowledge of the game. Comparing their play in the game with the Newark clubs in June last with those played with the Eckford in October, a decided improvement can be shown to have been the result of their several contests with New York and Brooklyn players, and next season we have no doubt they will give their now triumphant adversaries of the Empire State, a different story to relate, or else we much mistake their energy and pluck. We trust the games played between the above clubs will lead to a series of annual contests between the two cities, or three rather. We ought to have a match "New York vs. Philadelphia," with return games, and also the same between Brooklyn and Philadelphia, exclusive of the contests between club and club of those of the three cities. If this cannot be done, let the champion clubs of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, contend for the mastery. As something of the kind will assuredly take place next season, we hope the clubs of the cities named will make all due preparation for the same. Independent of the interest that such contests would keep up in our national game, these matches would promote great good feeling and friendship between the ball players of the two States, as their intercourse this season satisfactorily proves. Below are the averages referred to:

	Matches.....	Outs.....	Average and over	Runs.....	Average and over	Highest Score.....	Clean Scores.....	Matches in which no runs made.....	Most Outs.....	Least Outs.....	Home Runs.....	Struck Out.....
Anspach	8	24	3-0	18	2-2	7	0	2	4	1	1	0
Ashmead	2	4	2-0	3	1-0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0
Bomeisler, T.	10	26	2-6	23	2-3	6	1	0	4	0	0	0
Bomeisler, C.	7	20	2-6	15	2-1	3	0	0	4	1	1	3
Berkenstock	6	18	3-0	15	2-3	7	0	0	5	2	0	0
Croasdale	8	23	2-7	18	2-2	7	0	1	4	2	1	1
Frazer	2	7	3-1	8	4-0	4	0	1	4	2	0	0
Gaskill	5	12	2-2	9	1-4	4	0	0	4	1	0	0
Gratz	2	5	2-1	5	2-1	3	0	0	3	2	0	0
Hayhurst	5	14	2-4	10	2-0	3	1	1	4	0	0	0
Johnson	8	27	3-3	15	1-7	5	0	0	5	3	0	1
Kline	3	8	2-2	6	2-2	3	0	0	5	1	0	0
Kuen	3	8	2-2	5	1-2	3	0	0	3	2	0	0
Loughery	6	16	2-4	15	2-3	8	2	0	4	2	0	2
McBride	6	14	2-2	16	2-4	5	0	0	4	2	0	0
Moore	9	24	2-6	17	1-8	6	1	4	5	0	0	1
McCauley	3	10	3-1	3	1-0	2	0	1	4	2	0	0
Pratt	10	28	2-8	25	2-5	6	1	2	5	0	1	2
Paul	9	23	2-5	19	2-1	5	0	1	5	1	1	2
Prendergast	2	5	2-1	1	0-0	1	0	1	3	2	0	0
Richards	5	18	3-3	9	1-4	4	0	1	6	1	0	0
Smith, I.	4	10	2-2	10	2-2	4	1	0	4	0	0	0
Smith, M.	4	10	2-2	5	1-1	3	0	0	4	1	0	0
Stevens	2	6	3-0	3	1-0	2	0	0	4	2	0	0
Wilkins	9	24	2-6	21	2-3	4	0	0	4	1	1	2
Wood	5	14	2-4	8	1-3	4	0	1	4	2	0	0
Warner	3	6	2-0	4	1-1	4	1	1	3	0	0	0

From the above it appears that of those who have played in five matches and over, Pratt takes the lead, McBride being second, and Loughery third, the latter getting two clear scores in his average. Frazer has a good—in one sense the best—average, but he only played in two games. Bomeisler and Wilkins, too, make a good show. Next season we shall probably have better data to judge by, and a different result will be shown.

AVERAGES AND STATISTICS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER BASE BALL CLUB, of Albany:—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost.....	Average and over	Runs Made.....	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match.....	Clear Scores.....	Matches in which no Runs made.....	Most Hands Lost	Least Hands Lost	Home Runs.....	Struck Out.....
Bush	3	5	1-2	15	5-0	6	0	0	2	1	0	0
Bantham	4	13	3-1	16	4-0	8	0	0	5	2	1	3
Corey	9	23	2-5	38	4-2	10	0	0	4	1	3	0
DeWitt	5	12	2-2	20	4-0	6	0	0	4	1	1	0
Gardner	7	16	2-2	28	4-0	6	1	0	4	1	2	0
Hart	6	11	1-5	17	2-5	6	0	1	4	1	0	0
Headlam	6	12	2-0	30	5-0	10	0	0	5	1	3	0
Lathrop	10	23	2-3	41	4-1	10	1	0	4	1	5	0
Olcott	5	15	3-0	21	4-1	8	0	0	5	1	1	0
Parks	4	8	2-0	16	4-0	7	0	0	3	1	0	0
Strever	5	15	3-0	18	3-3	6	0	0	6	1	1	0
Wasson	8	24	3-0	33	4-1	8	1	0	5	2	1	0
Winne	9	26	2-8	37	4-1	7	0	0	4	1	0	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.—The first nine of the "Knicks" have played ten club matches, five of which have been with other clubs, and the other five were the interesting series of matches between the married and single nines. Of the five games with other clubs, three were won and two lost. The games won were two with the Victory Club of Troy, and one with the Utica Club, Utica—the games lost being one with each of the above named clubs.

The total number of innings played in the 5 matches was 43, and the total number of runs 193, giving an average of 4 to an innings, with 21 over, or 38 to a match with 3 over. The total number of runs by their opponents in same innings was 113, or 28 to a match, with 3 over.

Of the innings played, there were two in which no runs were made; their opponents being charged with 9 in the same innings.

The highest score made in one innings was 16, and in a match 74; the highest scores of their opponents, respectively, 14 and 42.

Double figures were scored in single innings 6 times, their opponents doing the same 3 times.

The number of passed balls in the above games was 53, to 45 on the part of their opponents.

The total number of fly catches made was 73 against 13 missed.

In the above 5 matches, the "Knicks" were put out on foul balls 19 times, and their opponents 27.

The shortest game played occupied 3 hours and 45 minutes—the longest, 4 hours and 35 minutes.

The first match was played on June 6; the last Nov. 6.

EXCELSIOR CLUB.—The following are the average scores of the members of this club who have taken part in first-nine matches during 1862;—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost.....	Average and over	Runs Made.....	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match.....	Clear Scores.....	Matches in which no Runs made.....	Most Hands Lost	Least Hands Lost	Home Runs.....	Struck Out.....
Brainard A.	5	10	2-0	17	3-2	0	6	0	4	1	2	0
Brainard H.	2	4	2-0	2	1-0	0	1	0	3	1	0	0
Brainard L.	2	3	1-1	0	0-0	2	0	0	2	1	0	0
Bostwick	1	3	3-0	0	0-0	1	0	0	3	3	0	0
Creighton	5	4	0-0	22	4-2	0	8	3	2	0	3	0
Cook	4	11	2-3	5	1-1	3	5	0	4	2	0	0
Cole	1	7	7-0	0	0-0	1	0	0	7	7	0	1
Flanly	4	10	2-2	9	2-1	0	4	0	4	1	0	0
Ferguson	1	5	5-0	2	2-0	0	2	0	5	5	0	1
Jerome	1	2	2-0	1	1-0	0	1	0	2	2	0	0
Leggett	5	11	2-1	11	2-1	1	5	0	4	1	1	0
Masten	2	5	2-1	1	0-0	1	1	0	3	2	0	0
McKenzie	1	2	2-0	1	1-0	0	1	0	2	2	0	0
Pearsal	4	10	2-2	13	3-1	1	6	0	5	1	1	0
Polhemus	5	15	3-0	11	2-1	1	6	0	4	2	1	1
Russell	5	14	2-4	13	2-3	1	5	0	3	2	0	2
Whiting C.	1	2	2-0	0	0-0	1	0	0	2	2	0	1
Young	5	10	2-0	14	2-4	1	5	0	3	1	1	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.—The Excelsior club have played in six first-nine matches, of which they won four, lost one, and one was drawn; the clubs they defeated being the Charter Oak, Bowdoin, Tri Mountain and Lowell, and Union; the game they lost being the first one with the Union, and the drawn game being that with the Star club.

The total number of innings played in the above games was 43, and the total number of runs obtained 122, giving an average of 2 runs to an innings, with 36 over, or 20 to a match with 2 over; the total runs scored by their opponents in the same games being 73, an average of one to an innings and 30 over, or 12 to a match.

Of the innings played, there were 9 in which no runs were made, giving an average of one to an innings with 3 over, there being 13 charged to their opponents.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were made was 4, the number on the part of their opponents being 3.

There were two matches in which runs were made in every innings.

Double figures were scored in single innings in one match, none being scored by their opponents.

The highest score obtained in a single innings was 13, and in a match, 41; the lowest score in a match being 4, the same figures on the part of their opponents being respectively 19 and 5.

The number of passed balls on which bases were run was 37, the number on the part of their opponents being 34.

The number of fly catches made was 45, and the number missed, 19; the number of bound catches made and missed being 30 and 11.

The number of times in which they were put out on foul balls was 35, and the number of times they put their opponents out similarly was 28.

Nine innings were played in but two matches out of the six played.

The longest game played occupied four hours, and the shortest two hours.

Their first match was played June 26, and their last October 14.

CRYSTAL VS FRONTIER.—A match game of base ball was played on Thanksgiving Day, between the above named junior clubs, on the 5th Avenue Ground, which resulted in another victory for the Crystals, as the score will show:—

BATTING.

CRYSTAL.	H.L.	RUNS.	FRONTIER.	H.L.	RUNS.
Walsh, c	5	2	Markey, c	1	3
Heffern, p	1	5	Connor, p	5	0
Quinlan, 1st b	2	5	P Boylan, 1st b	0	3
P Reiley, 2d b	2	4	Donnelly, 2d b	3	1
Curren, 3d b	4	3	Fitzgerald, 3d b	3	1
Glassey, s s	2	4	Nicholas, s s	1	2
Burns, r f	2	3	Frost, r f	3	1
J Reiley, l f	3	2	Keeley, l f	3	1
			M Boylan, c f	2	2
Total		28	Total		14

Umpire—M. Gallagher, of the Navys.
Scorer for the Frontiers, W. Martin; for the Crystals, J. Roche.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER THIRTEEN.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES—CONCERNING ADAH I. MENKEN—ALMOST A MUSS—THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

Clayton Square is one of the snuggest little squares I ever saw. It is but two minutes' walk from St. John's market, and no further from the Royal Amphitheatre. On one side are the Neptune and New Brunswick hotels; on the other, Alex. Henderson's theatre, the Prince of Wales. A young fellow named Emerson, one of the Rumsey and Newcombe troupe, was with me while exploring this part of the town, and meeting Fred Lloyd, a lively actor up for a ben. at the Colosseum, I was introduced to "his nibbs, Fred Lloyd," as the minstrel said. As a matter of course, we all got talking about the theatres and actors of America, and as that very morning a column of matter was devoted to a biography of Adah Isaacs Menken in the Liverpool *Mercury*, winding up with an editorial to the effect that she was expected soon to make her *debut*, we got into an argument about that. I might have been a little too enthusiastic, for they wouldn't believe half what I said concerning her appearance in an undress Tartar costume as Mazeppa, being lashed to a fiery young horse, and dashing pell mell up and down the runs of our leading theatres. "Oh, you get out!" spat out Emerson. "That be d——d!" says my new acquaintance, Fred Lloyd. These were precisely the terms used, showing that even old stagers won't believe any woman ever dare come that stroke. With me, "seein's believin'." I've gone one eye on the show myself, and know what I'm talking about. Why, Lloyd and I almost got into a miff about it; and, half in earnest, half in fun, Emerson tried to get us down to Prince's Dock to fight it out, but as Fred's benefit came off that night, he didn't care to be thrashed just at that particular time, (I really thought I could beat him, Captain, having taken several glasses of soda-and-gin, and thus got my courage to the sticking-point.) The only thing that prevented a scrimmage was Emerson's proposition to adjourn into the Neptune, and discuss the matter there, which we did, all hands eventually coming to the conclusion that, should A. I. M. H., or Mrs. Heenan, as the people here insist upon calling her, ever come to England and perform *that* character, she'd set half the people crazy; the Dundreary excitement would be nothing in comparison; Fechter couldn't hold a candle to the new sensation; Blondin would have to auction his rope and pole to the highest bidder; Leotard's "leap for life" (or for $500 a week would be more proper), and all the sensations of the day would be immediately squelched when Adah I. Menken appears in that Tartar undress, "those eyes," and a' that, to do Mazeppa. There's a splendid fortune to be made here by "Mazeppa" with a lady rider, no matter who gets the start, but particularly so in the instance cited, from the popularity and fame which have preceded her in connection with John C. Heenan. Then, let her come, say I, while the excitement is at its highest, "come where the nightingale sings," (how's that, Captain?) where there's no postage stamps except on letters, no lack of roast beef, or any thing else, if one has the bullion to pay for it. Talk about the hundreds of thousands making a pilgrimage to see the Lady Godiva procession at Coventry—it aint nothin' to what it would be if Miss Mazeppa were here. Whew! Frank, I think I see 'em with their lorgnettes reaching way over the sides of the boxes to see her kiting along at a four-minute gait up towards the top of the theatre. There'll be a demand for opera-glasses *then* boys, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to start a lorgnette shop right next the theatre; if nobody heads me off, guess I'm going to do it, so don't be surprised if you get a big order for spy glasses next year. How *are* you, Mazeppa?

Awhile ago I spoke about Alex. Henderson's theatre, didn't I? Well, that theatre is one of the nattiest, prettiest, and cosiest little temples in the town. In the entrance hall are several portraits of actors and actresses, including John Brougham, the Irwin Sisters, and others. Mr. Henderson expects to be able these days as his theatre with Miss Menken's portrait one of theatre, the enterprising manager has a bar on the [illegible] the principle, and makes out tip-top. I can always get a peep at the CLIPPER here. Mr. Phelps and Miss Maria Simpson are his leading artists at present.

OTHER THEATRES—A DIG AT THE "SUPERS," WITH SOME WHOLESOME ADVICE.

The Theatre Royal, in Williamson Square, is the oldest dramatic temple of Liverpool. It is of brick, but the front is constructed of stone. The building was opened in 1772, and originally cost about $30,000. When full, the receipts are equal to $1500. Professor Anderson, Jr., is operating here to fair houses, and is said to be fully equal to his father, the Great Wizard of the North, as he used to be "billed" when performing at one of the Broadway theatres, New York.

In Christian street, Islington, which branches off Lime street, there is a very snug and commodious little theatre, called the "Adelphi," where the admission is low in price, but the quality of the performance is of a very respectable character. Miss Ruth Edwin, (pretty name, isn't it, boys?) was playing here in November, and appeared in "The Green Bushes," (Madame Celeste's famous sensation piece,) "The Flowers of the Forest," and "The Bonny Fish Wife." On the 25th November, a party of supers, or amateurs, tendered a complimentary benefit to Manager Branson, when they made a regular botch of it, these young swells styling themselves the "Garrick Club," and got yelled at and hissed like sixty. I wonder at Mr. Branson's permitting them on the stage at all. The only thing that redeemed the show was the manager's reading, with much skill and feeling, an address prepared expressly for the occasion. On the 29th Nov., another crowd of quills, misnamed the "Thespian Club," tried to play, but were as bad as the others, and had scarcely a corporal's guard to listen, although any quantity of dead-head tickets were issued. Those fellows ought to take lessons from the Chevalier, or Jack Walters, of amateur renown in your own city. Even I myself could learn 'em points, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." But, honestly, between ourselves, dear readers (soft soap to get you to coincide with what's going to follow—"we're up to your dodges," some of the roughs may say,) three-fourths of those who attempt to become play actors, ought to be waiters in Dan Sweeney's, or the coffee and cake man's, under Mat Gooderson's. That's my candid conviction. If they want to improve their lungs, here's every opportunity, without making damphools of themselves. With what gusto could they not holler, "Pickled Feet!" "Tripe!" "Plate o' Beans!" "Fried Liver!" and all those aristocratic dishes so familiar to every New York boy. I'll bet yer. Then the gals—how much better they'd look, if, instead of imagining themselves Madame Rachels (not the face and breast enameler of Bond street, London,) or Ristoris, they were to—but I ain't going to go back on the gals, no how you can fix it; so you'll have to form your own opinions as to what *their* proper sphere is.

At the corner of School-lane and Paradise-street is the Colosseum, a commodious theatre, connected with extensive wine and spirit vaults. Mons. Dusoni, his talented pupils and his highly-trained monkies, are going through their manœuvres at this house. Fred Lloyd and wife (she's another beauty, too,) while they were here, created quite a *furore* in blood-and-thunder dramas of thrilling and intense interest, of the Simultaneous Cobb order of merit. They're just as fond here of heavy tragedies, stage villains, and piling on the agony, as any frequenter of the Chatham Pit in Kirby's days. You ought to send Nunan out.

In addition to the Royal Amphitheatre, Theatre Royal, Prince of Wales, Adelphi, and Colosseum, are two smaller affairs, the Park and Princess', in Lower Parliament street, and on Bevington Hill. These, together with three concert halls, St. George's, now occupied by the German Reeds and John Parry; Lord

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This immense Opera Mr. WOOD will present to his patrons on MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, and every evening during the week.
DINAH (DINORAH,)
THE PARDON PELL-MELL.
Signorina CORDIER LEWIS.....as.....Dinorah.
Signor CHARLES BRIGNOLI FOX.as.....Corentino.
Signor COOL AMODIO WHITE.....as.....Hoel.
Signor FRANK BRIGNOLI BROWER has consented to sing "The Reaper's Song."
For plot and incidents, see libretto of the Opera.
PREVIOUS TO THE OPERA,
A GRAND DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,
BY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
OTHELLO, HAPPY UNCLE TOM, THE FOUR VULTURES, SONGS, DANCES, &c., &c., by

EPH HORN,	CHARLEY FOX,	FRANK BROWER,
COOL WHITE,	HENRY,	FRANK CONVERSE,
FLORENCE,	GLENN,	SCHWICARDI,
ISAACS BROTHERS,	HASLAM,	LEIS,

LOCKWOOD, GARATAGUA, LEWIS, &c.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
CHRISTMAS DAY, A GRAND MATINEE,
COMMENCING AT 2½ o'clock.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 37-

MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS AND EQUESTRIENNE,
Has just finished an engagement of Eight Weeks, at Boston, in her world-renowned character of
MAZEPPA,
AND THE
Great and Original Equestrian Drama, in Four Acts,
Written by W. B. English, Esq., entitled
MIKE MARTIN,
As played by her 21 nights to overflowing houses, and acknowledged by the Press of Boston to be the most Daring Feats of Equestrianism ever witnessed on any stage.
MISS FISHER has the best Trick Horse in the country, the celebrated "ALEXANDER." Also, the exclusive right of Mr. English's celebrated Drama of the
THREE FAST MEN.
MISS FISHER will appear at TORONTO, December 8th, for two weeks.
Managers will please address, care of
CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway,
36- corner of Broome street, N. Y.

NORFOLK MELODEON,
LATE JOHNSON'S HALL,
Norfolk, Va.
BOB HART & J. M. ODELL.....Sole Proprietors.
LEW SIMMONS.....Business Manager.
BOB HART.....Stage Manager.
The above Hall will open for the season,
THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11th, 1862.
The company comprises the following talented ladies and gentlemen:
MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND,
MISS FRANCIS LEROY,

MISS CLARA BERGER,	MISS EMMA WHITING,
MLLE JENNIE.	MLLE ELLA,
MISS BERTHA WHITING,	
MISS HATTIE FRENCH,	MISS JOSEPHINE BUELL,
BOB HART,	LEW SIMMONS,
SAM RYAN, JOHNNY PIERCE,	PIC BUTLER,
WILLIS ARMSTRONG,	GEO. R. DE LOUIS,
MIKE MCKENNA,	HARRY MORTIMER.

The above artists are too well known to the public to need any special commendation. The management will spare no pains or expense to make this
THE BEST CONCERT HALL IN AMERICA.
First class talent will be liberally dealt with.
Will soon open under the same management,
THE SUFFOLK VARIETIES 35-7t*

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,		MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY,		MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON,		MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT,		MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,		MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,		MLLE FLORA,

MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN.	LESLIE MAY,
J. BARNEY,	J. LEE STEELE,	

A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
31 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

AGAIN IN THE FIELD.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
TWELVE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
THE GREAT ETHIOPEAN "IRON-CLADS."
C. A. BOYD, Instrumental Leader.
J. F. BOWLES, Leader of Brass Rand.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Advance Agent & Director of Publications.
O. D. UNDERWOOD, General Agent.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man. 37-tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE,

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE,	MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG,	SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI,	MONS. CHARLES,

And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes....$5 and $10.	

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

"ELEGANTRIUM—AURA POPULARIS."
The superb muscular developments—the forms of Antaeus—the sinews of Milo—the skill of Athletes, are embodied in the
GREAT BROTHERS ROLLANDE,
GUILLAUME and HENRI,
who produce
"ZATAERIODYNAMICALEXERCITATION,"
comprehensively including all the correct and classical delineations of their acts—severally entitled:
"LES DEUX HOMMES DE L'AIR,"
"L'ATELIER DE CANOVA,"
"LOS DOS PAISANOS," AND
"LOS HERMANOS RECREADOS,"
being the primogenial divertissements of these distinguished representatives of ACROBATIQUE AND GYMNASTIQUE diversions.
M. EDMOND ROLLANDE, Agent,
36-2t* 831 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
CHRISTMAS WEEK.
GREAT SUCCESS.
EVERY EVENING,
AND ON
CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON, AT 2 P. M.,
Will be presented, after many months of careful preparation, the
GRAND, ROMANTIC, SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
IN WHICH
MR. J. B. ROBERTS
Will make his first appearance at this Theatre, in his celebrated character of
MEPHISTOPHILES,

Faust.....Mr. L. R. Shewell	Valentine.....Mr. J. Lanergan
Brander.....Mr. A. W. Fenno	Seibel.....Mr. G. Lamb
Marguerite.....(her first appearance)	.....Miss Emily Thorne
Martha.....Miss Mary Wells	Helene.....Mrs. Mark Smith

The Scenery entirely new, by J. H. SELWYN.
New Dresses, by Mons PHILLIPE and Assistants.
New Appointments, by GEO. W. LETZINGER.
Novel Mechanical Effects, by RUNYON & DEMILT.
And a FULL AND EFFICIENT CHORUS, under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock.
With the exception of the Press, no free list. 37-

NIBLO'S SALOON.
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
POLYMORAMA,
Will be on Exhibition for the first time, on
CHRISTMAS EVE, DEC. 24,
And every Monday, (except Monday, Dec. 29,) Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and every
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
until further notice.
Scenes from the first
DREAD SIGNAL AT SUMTER,
Down to the last Great Battle.
Also, the Grand Naval Fight between the
MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, Performance at ½ to 8.
Afternoons open at 2 o'clock, commence at ½ past 2.
Admission 25 cts; Reserved Seats 50 cts.
Children accompanied by their Parents to Reserved Seats, 25 cts.
Grand Performances every afternoon at ½ past 2 o'clock, during the Holiday Week. No Performance Tuesday and Saturday nights. Carriages may be ordered evenings at ¼ of 10 o'clock; afternoons at ½ past 4 o'clock. 37-4t*

"COM. FOOTE'S TROUPE."
SOON TO APPEAR AT
SPALDING & ROGERS'S MUSEUM, NEW ORLEANS.
COM. FOOTE, the most extraordinary pigmy of the century, has just returned from Washington, from a "Convention" of all the "Little Men" now living. While in Washington, he was made the recipient of a "Gold Medal" for being the smallest and most perfect man of his age, now living. He is 11 inches smaller than the renowned "Tom Thumb," and 3 inches smaller than "Commodore Nutt." He is accompanied by his companion, "Col. Small," who is equally as wonderful; also by Miss M. C. ELLINGER, Pianist and Vocalist, who is the composer of no less than 300 pieces of music, and by Prof. BROOKS, the blind boy, who is still more wonderful than blind "Tom;" being a fine Pianist and Violinist.
This Company is under the whole control of COL. ELLINGER, Dr. E. P. LONG, acting as Treasurer.
The Troupe will open in New Orleans about the 1st of January. 37-4t*

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
36- Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Are now playing (what bids fair to be) the most successful engagement ever played, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
34-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

CHILDS & THOMPSONS MINSTRELS.
GREAT SUCCESS.
This famous Troupe, with which are the
GREAT STAR PERFORMERS,
D. W. COLLINS, J. W. THOMPSON,
JOE CHILDS, and NED PALMER,
Are now prosecuting a successful tour in the South West, to the great delight of the people at Cairo, Ill., and vicinity. Their next stand will be at Holley Springs.
36-2t* CHILDS & THOMPSON, Proprietors.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

ATHENÆUM,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first class perfomances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Academy of Music,
Cleveland, Ohio.
The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
31-3m Louisville, Ky.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. PARSLOE, New York,
or B. R. MAGINLEY, Acting Manager,
28-14t Box 410 Memphis, Tenn.

FOX & SPENCER.
The undersigned invite attention to the fact that they have established a SAMPLE ROOM,
at 512 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
CHARLEY FOX,
GEO. F. WHITNEY,
35-3t* A. R. SPENCER.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West. Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager. 24-

MANAGERS OF CIRCUSES, MINSTRELS, THEATRES, and TRAVELING COMPANIES, in want of an experienced Agent and Advertiser, would do well to address immediately JOE COOK, No. 36 Holliday street, Baltimore, Md. [36-4t

TO MANAGERS—MINSTREL TROUPES, &c.—The undersigned is prepared to negotiate as LEADER, (String or Brass, Soloist on either instruments.) Experienced in either Minstrel or Theatrical leading. Address GEO. A. FLORANCE,
37-2t* Oswego, N. Y.

GILBERT'S MELODEON, SAN FRANCISCO., CAL.—WANTED, immediately, a Young, Handsome, SINGING and DANCING LADY. Apply to CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE,
37- 15 E. Houston st., or P. O. Box 2414.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 22, 1862.
GRAND GALA WEEK.—WONDERFUL NOVELTY.
THREE IMMENSE PIECES.
THIRTEENTH NIGHT OF THE BEST PANTOMIME ever presented to the public of New York.
GORGEOUS SCENERY, GRAND TRANSFORMATIONS
AND A
LAST SCENE OF UNEQUALLED SPLENDOR,
AND GORGEOUS EFFECTS.
COMPLETE PANTOMIME CORPS.
TONY DENIER, AS CLOWN.
IVANHOE; OR, THE JEW OF NEW YORK.

Mr. G. C. Boniface as The Jew	Mrs. W. G. Jones as Rebecca
Mr. Nunan...as..The Templar	Brooks.....as.....
Marden.....as.....Ivanhoe	Lannagan.....as.....

BLUESKIN; OR, JACK AND HIS PALS.
Mr. J. W. Lingard as Blueskin | G. C. Boniface, Jack Shep
Look out for immense Novelties for Christmas.

WINTER GARDEN.
HOLIDAY WEEK.
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS
In the
GRAND FAIRY SPECTACULAR DRAMA
THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.
or, the
BRIDES OF GLENGARIFF.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS....as..... LANTY McLAUGH
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS...as..... KATE KEAR
CONNECTICUT COURTSHIP.
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as OUR JEMIMA.
To conclude with the
TWO BONNYCASTLES.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE AND ZOOLGIC INSTITUTE, Broadway, below Houston street.—L. B. LI Manager.—This new and elegantly appointed Zoological Exhi tion is open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., with the most n nificent collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS
upon the continent, including four Elephants, five Lions, Ti Leopards, Bears, Hyenas, and
RARE BEASTS AND BIRDS,
too numerous to particularize, from every quarter of the glo
LADIES AND FAMILY PARTIES
are reminded that this beautiful and instructive display of mated nature is open throughout the day and evening, witho termission. Admission 25c.; children under 10, 15c. 37-

PALACE OF MUSIC,
14TH STREET, NEAR 6TH AVENUE.
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, 1862,
and every evening during the week,
The Celebrated and Original
BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
In conjunction with
MISS JULIA GOULD,
Will make their first appearance since their return from ENGLAND,
Under the Management of J. G. COLLI
Christmas Day, two Performances,
37-1t* Afternoon at 3 o'clock, Evening at 7

CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA, Walnut Street, above Eighth.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
Treasurer and Business Manager..J. W. ALLINSON.
Stage Manager.....C. McMILLAN.
Leader of Orchestra.....JNO. RITTER.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC CORPS OF ARTISTS EVER ASSEMBLED TOGETH
MISS EVA BRENT,
The Song Bird of America.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
THE ROLLANDE BROTHERS,
The Celebrated Gymnasts.

MISS JULIA PRICE,	DENNY GALLAGHER,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	SAM LONG,
MISS ROSA SMITH,	CHARLIE NEILL,
MISS MAGGY NICHOLS,	JOHN RIVERS,
MISS KATE HUGHES,	C. W. PARKER.

MR. GEORGE SMITH,
And the famous Continental Corps de Ballet; together equalled and unapproachable, and a large Corps of Auxiliari
ADMISSION,

Parquet.....25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please dress as above. 37-

ARLINGTON, LEON & DONNIKER'S MI STRELS, from 585 Broadway, New York, comprising the lowing talented performers:—

WILLIAM ARLINGTON, Comedian;	ALBERT JONES, Comedian; SAMUEL GARDNER, Ba late of Matt Peel
J. B. DONNIKER, First Violin, and Leader;	WM. SPAULDING, Harpist;
MASTER LEON, Danseuse and Burlesque Prima Donna;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian; FRANK CARDELLA, Pianis
EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet; JAMES GRANVILLE, 3d Viol

[From the Cincinnati Inquirer.]
"This splendid troupe of minstrels, the best that has ev visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall, one week lon er. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last nigh but when we take into consideration the musical ability and tale that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained. Due notice will be given of their return East.
37-3t* B. L. DINGESS, Agent.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, AN EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 614½ Broadway.—WANTED—for a fir class CONCERT SALOON, in Broadway, to open on or about th 10th of January, 1863, three FIRST CLASS LADY VOCALISTS and three DANSEUSES, with twelve good BALLET GIRLS, and four good ETHIOPEAN PERFORMERS. Apply as above, 614½ Broadway. J. CONNOR, Agent. Office hours from 9 A.M till 10 P.M. 37-1t

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT, by JOH BOGAN, 139 First avenue, N. Y., at 50 cents per lesson, or twelv for $5. Bogan's celebrated Banjos on hand, for sale, and sent t any part of the United States, from $7 upwards. Try one o Johnny's Cremonas. N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send thre written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address as above. 34-1t*

"DOBSON BROS. CREMONA."—8 MYRTLE AVE NUE, BROOKLYN. FREE AND EASIES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, when the DOBSON BROS., and a host of talented artists will amuse the patrons.
THE BRILLIANT GAS JETS "CREMONA" OVER THE DOOR, will guide you to the place from miles off. 37-2t*

EMMA WALLER, THE EMINENT TRAGIC ACTRESS, having terminated a most satisfactory engagement at Hartford, will give six representations at Springfield, Mass., MONDAY, Dec, 22d., after which she proceeds West, to fulfil a series of engagements. [37-1t*] W. COWELL, Agent.

OUR LETTER BOX.
We have letters for Loraine Rogers; Col. T. Alston Brown; Miss Adah Isaacs Menken; Tim Hayes, English letter—send 2 cents, Tim; Harry Diamond; Dan Rhodes; Wattie Rusher; Miss Jennie Dumont; Prof. August Maller; Miss Fanny Pierson.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
CRITICISMS AND NOTICES FROM OTHER PAPERS.
EXCELLENT and well-merited notices and criticisms of performers and performances frequently appear in journals which may have an extensive local circulation, but which are rarely seen outside of the city where they are published. We have repeatedly been requested to copy such notices, in the CLIPPER, not gratuitously, but as a matter of business. By giving them publicity in the CLIPPER they attain a wider and more general circulation, both in Europe and America. We have considered the matter over, and if our friends desire it, we will prepare a special department in our Theatrical Record, in which notices and criticisms from other papers will be inserted for one shilling per line. Those who may wish to take advantage of this offer, will please send along their favors at once.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec. 22, 1862.

It would be erroneous to state that business was as good as usual last week, for nearly every place experienced a check, and in two or three theatres the receipts fell off nearly one-half. What caused this check? We answer, the disastrous news of the repulse of our forces at Fredericksburg. Before that event, the most cheering reports of anticipated success to our arms were sent us from Washington—we were given to understand, indirectly to be sure, that the Banks expedition was intended to cooperate with Burnside in the attack on Richmond, and that such gigantic preparations had been made for the reduction of the rebel capital, as to preclude all possibility of failure. We accepted all these good reports as gospel truth, and on the strength of them, business generally began to revive, and cheerfulness once more resumed its sway. The 'gigantic preparations," however, dwindled into minute fragments, and Burnside has been compelled to fall back, while Banks's co-operating forces are no where—at least no where that they can be of any direct benefit to the army under Burnside. The news of Burnside's repulse created an immediate downward tendency in business, and our places of amusement were among the first to feel the shock. The theatres which held their own were Niblo's and the Winter Garden, with Edwin Forrest and Barney Williams

…others all experienced a decided falling off, and the week …d heavy.

…are now entering upon our winter holiday season, and the …t of thousands of strangers in the city will no doubt con…ute to help the theatres, and fill the strong boxes of their …agers. There is no lack of amusement for the holidays. …ddition to our permanent establishments, numerous exhibi… and entertainments have dropped in upon us to take their …ces of success in the usual distribution of our Christmas …, and all will do well. There are strangers enough from the …ry to fill many a place of amusement, and the only difficul… …be, how to accommodate them all, for our "foreign rela… …will not be denied, holding, as they do, the correct opin… …that a visit to York, without seeing the show, would be like …day of Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet left out. How… …on Christmas day, many of the theatres and minstrel halls …give afternoon as well as evening performances. So, come …come along, make no delay, and all hands shall see the …on the coming Christmas day.

…Edwin Forrest closed at Niblo's on the 19th, and Miss Ma… …Heron terminated her off nights at the same house on the …. Both engagements were successful; Mr. Forrest's revival …Stoker of Bogota, and Miss Heron's production of Edith, …the close of their performances equally attractive as the …. They now proceed in different directions, Mr. F. to the …the lady to the west.

…ging the passengers by the steamer China, which left here …the 17th, for Liverpool, were "Professor Anderson, and Mrs. …son, two children and infant; Miss Anderson and three at… …erts;" in all, we trust, a happy family. Professor Ander… …'s last campaign here was a sad "disaster," and well-nigh …ded his hopes of future prosperity. His first appearance …some years ago, was well worked up; his second was well …ed down; the same tactics attained different results, and …Professor leaves us a wiser if not a richer man.

…e last new show piece at Laura Keene's shows a blunder …where, for the play has already become stale, flat, and cer… …unprofitable, judging from the attendance last week, …y was very bad. The "Seven Sisters" was a new thing in …ng, and had a brilliant run. Blondette is but another, yet …worse edition of the same sort of play; we supped full …gh of the stuff which composed the first draught: the sec… …Blondette, is a nauseous dose, and but for the beautiful …ery with which it abounds, would be altogether intolerable. …ay be made to pull through the holidays, however, for some …agers have an idea that anything will do for such occasions; …seem to ignore the fact, though, that impressions are last… …A good performance before a holiday audience, composed, …e most part, of strangers, will bring its fruits afterwards; a …entertainment leaves a bad impression, and the victimized …the house thereafter. If a manager has the material for a …performance, the best time to give it is when the house is …ded, and when strangers predominate. The latter talk …d, it when they return home; it is made the subject of con… …ation at the "country store," or the family fireside, and the …, or minstrel hall, or circus comes in for a "first-rate no… …" Thus endeth our holiday lesson.

…Gilbert, manager of the Melodeon, San Francisco, Cal., sail… …Europe in the steamer China, which left here on the 17th. …oes to see his mother, from whom he has been separated …y-three years, and also to look up talent for his establish… …in California. Mr. Gilbert has been very successful in …ess, and intends to make his Melodeon more attractive than …

…immense bill of attractions is offered at the New Bowery for …olidays. This theatre is a favorite place of resort, and is al… …crowded to its utmost on any and every holiday occasion. …afternoon performance will be given on Christmas day, and …new and successful pantomime of "Harlequin Jack Sheppard" …e one of the features. At night a big programme will be …, and our friends had better put in an early appearance. …re glad to learn that Miss Julia Christine, Columbine in the …mime, has recovered from her late accident, and will re… …r at the New Bowery this week.

…ding of accidents, reminds us of a fatal one that took place at …k's New Theatre on the 18th. A girl named Honorah Mc… …, engaged to clean the dressing room, sat down near a …in the back part of the theatre, and soon fell asleep. By …means, her clothes caught fire, and she was quickly envel… …in flames. Fortunately for the manager, some of the em… …of the theatre were on hand, and extinguished the flames, …rwise the building might have been destroyed. The poor …as conveyed to her residence, 223 Elizabeth street, where …ed on the 19th, in the 20th year of her age. She was a na… …Ireland. Her funeral took place on Sunday, 21st inst.

…are to have a spectacle at Niblo's for the holidays. Mr. J. …berts, whose name and latter-day fame is identified with …histopheles," has been engaged to produce his romantic …a of "Faust and Marguerite," with all its devilish and "thril… …effects," blue and red fire, and "attendant circumstances." …is a good show piece, and well calculated for the holiday …n. It will be given for the first time this season, 22d, with …oberts as Mephistopheles, L. R. Shewell as Faust, and Miss …Thorne, who has been absent from the city some time, as …guerite. Miss Emily will be welcomed to our boards once …

…friends in New Orleans will soon have an opportunity to …e of the most natural curiosities in existance. We allude …m. Foote, who, with his companion, Col. Small, Miss M. C. …ser, pianist and vocalist, Prof. Brookes, blind pianist, and …llinger, manager, sailed for New Orleans on the 20th inst., …steamer Marion. Com. Foote is a "lesser," and yet at the …time greater curiosity than either Tom Thumb or Com. …. We herewith give his dimensions, and also the dimen… …of Col. Small, his companion in littleness:—Com. Foote is …rs of age; height, 28 inches; weight, 23 pounds; length of …inches; hand, 3¼ inches; leg, 14 inches; foot, 5 inches; …the head, 20 inches; waist, 19 inches; ankle, 5 inches; …1½ inches. Col. Small is 15 years of age; height, 28¼ in., …, 22 pounds; length of arm, 9 inches; hand, 4 inches; leg, …hes; foot, 5 inches; round the head, 18 inches; waist, 21 …; ankle, 5 inches; wrist, 4 inches. Those who have seen …b or Nutt can get a pretty fair idea of the comparative pro… …of the four little men, Com. Foote taking the palm as an …ssimal natural curiosity. Foote and small are good per… …, full of fun, and can entertain an audience for an entire …, performing, as they do, a variety of acts in singing, …, eccentricities, sparring, etc. Prof. Brookes, who ac… …nies the party, is a blind musician, performing on the pi… …violin with equal ability, and singing either sentimental …ballads. He also gives practical illustrations of the …er in which the blind print sentences, or convey their …hts to paper. Miss Ellinger is a young lady of pleasing ad… …a clever pianist, and a vocalist of no mean pretensions. …roupe will open at New Orleans, on or about January 1st. …ere will be some rich scenes at Wood's Minstrels this week. …esque on Dinorah is to be brought out this evening, 22d, …promises to be one of the hits of the season. The cast …des Signorina Cordier Lewis as Dinorah; Sig. Charles Brig… …or as Corentino; and Sig. Cool Amodio White as Hoel. In …to give due effect to this highly-colored entertainment, …Frank Brower has, in the most liberal manner, "kindly …ded to sing the Reaper's Song." Now this concession …part of Mr. Brower shows his great love for the lyric …, and his desire to advance the interests of the black art …sic. Of the talents of Sigs. Fox and White, as musical …ses of purest ray serene, we have heretofore spoken in …of the highest commendation; to reiterate their abilities …d be like "throwing pearls before swine," to use an old …, which, we take this opportunity to say, does *not* apply to …aders, as they very well know. Signora Lewis is not un… …n to fame, either; she comes from "the margin of fair …n's waters," and therefore can sing a streak. In addition …e star artists just named, we are to have a goat, also highly …ed, and of persuasive and docile disposition. The celebra… …"Shadow Dance" is to be introduced, with extraordinary …effects and complicated mechanism. E Pluribus Unum-o, …you and I go-o, to see this high old show-o, and hear them …o, at Wood's new hall-o, every night this week-o, without …rse or regret-o; Pro bono publico, and vox pop you lie-o. …cript.—Don't forget to take the girls and little ones on …stmas afternoon-o, and get there soon-o.

…. Edwin Booth opens at the Brooklyn Academy, this even… …22d, as Richelieu. He is to be supported by Miss Julia …Barrow, H. F. Daly, V. Marlowe, A. H. Davenport, T. G. …, J. Prior, C. H. Wilkins, Ferris, Frances, Russell, Miss …Foster, and Mrs. Hinde.

…e grand spectacular drama of the Lakes of Killarney, is the …ay piece at the Winter Garden, to be brought out this even… …by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. In this piece will be in… …ood several beautiful scenes, representing the Lakes of …rney, foot of Torc Mountain, opening of the water lilly, …of the Lake at the foot of the Eagle's Nest, Torc Waterfall, …ullivan's Cascade, and the Black Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Wil… …e could not have given us anything that will suit us as well …is spectacle, for who has not heard of Kate Kearny, who …by the lake of Killarney. The Winter Garden did a fine …ess last week, while other houses were comparatively de… …d; and this week the capacity of the theatre will be tested …was on Thanksgiving night, when there was nearly $1,100 …e house.

…add still greater variety to our Christmas amusements, …n. Goodwin & Wilder have secured Niblo's Saloon, next …to Niblo's Theatre, where they intend to exhibit their …tic "Polymorama of the Present War," from the opening …k on Fort Sumter to the repulse of our troops at Fredericks… …; and including a moving panoramic exhibition of the …battle between the Monitor and Merrimac. This will in… …ce some novel and interesting effects, and give a regular …ture representation of the greatest sea-fight on record, be… …two iron clad sea monsters. The opening performance …e given on Christmas eve, 24th inst., and continue through… …e holidays.

…don't know that the holidays will make any difference to …Bryants, for their hall is always crowded, and the people …ed away as nicely as it is possible *to* pack them. Those who …not get a chance in the evening, should attend the Christmas …noon performance, which will be just the same as the even… …. A good holiday bill is to be given.

…don't know that Barnum has any fresh curiosity just now. …d his "eye shut" a week or two since by a natural curiosity …the Cattskill Mountains. Barnum heard of the "Cattskill …tain Boy" being a great fiddler, playing two fiddles at …and ever so many other extraordinary violinian eccentrici… …Barnum engaged him, as the boys say, "unsight, unseen;" …mountaineer made his *debut* at the Museum, and of all the …rs ever heard, he just "took the dilapidated linen off the …bery," to speak in refined and double distilled lingo. Oh! it was pizen. There stood the fiddler, double-handed and double-fiddled, working away like a wood sawyer, but of all the music—well, there; Barnum himself was disgusted, and you know when *he* gets disgusted, there *must* be something wrong, sure. The "What Is It?" had to take a back seat, and ask "what is it?" Herr Driesbach went down the cellar to his bears, preferring *their* music; the giant girl almost swooned; and the Albinoes preferred to be shut up with those horrible looking "life-like wax figures," rather than be within hearing of the double-fiddler. Barnum was sold, and he prevailed on the green "Mountain Boy" to break off where he was, and return to the place from whence he came, and be-hanged to him. We believe Barnum is not open for any more double-fiddle engagements.

Mr. Butler will give a Christmas afternoon entertainment, at his music hall, 444 Broadway, for ladies and children. These matinees are well conducted, and no one need hesitate to attend them. This week, a strong bill is offered, and several new and attractive features added to the already excellent entertainments given at this house. Kitty Blanchard, Ella Wesner, Ida Ross, Mary Blake, Fanny Archer, M'lle. Bertha, and a *ballet corps* contribute to the excellence of the performances, aided by Charley White, Fattie Stewart, T. G. Riggs, C. Buckley, Johnny Wild, J. Gainor, and master Tommy. Have you seen little Tommy?

Brother Hooley is getting along well with the Brooklyn folks, and when he gets into his new hall, he will probably do still better. He has made extra preparations for an interchange of the compliments of the season, and doubtless his little place will be fully attended during the week. Among the acts offered for the holiday week, are the Hop of Fashion, Macbeth, Richard III, Mose and Lize, Raw Recruits, Ye Old Folks, etc.

Father Kemp's Old Folks are to perform somewhere in this city this week, we believe.

Buckley's Minstrels occupy Palace Music Hall this week. Campbell's Minstrels did not succeed there, and have left for Chicago. Buckley's troupe is of a different style, and may suit better on the west side of town.

Adah Isaacs Menken arrived in this city on the 17th. She thinks of resting a spell. Our advice is, to "keep the mill a-going," now that she is working upward. Work during the winter, and lay off in clover in the dog days.

Miss Lucille Western was in town last week, and took a look in at Niblo's to see Miss Heron in "East Lynne," of which new play Miss Western's version is said to be a little the best.

"Wood up." Mrs. John Wood is beginning to be talked up again. She has been off the boards for a long time, but, if rumor speaks the truth, she is shortly to appear at Laura Keene's, She'll do.

Mr. Jas. M. Nixon was in town last week. What's up? Mr. Nixon is always ready for new enterprises, and doubtless he has his eye on something now. What sensation is Mr. N. to give us next?

Saturday night last was a stinger. It froze people so tight to their own homes and firesides, that the theatres were the sufferers by it.

Cubas will appear at the Winter Garden at the close of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' engagement. Mr. Couldock is to appear at the same time. Cubas will give some of her excellent pantomimic representations.

Mr. B. Ullman sailed on the 17th for Europe and a market. "How doth the little busy B. improve each shining hour."

Sam Lathrop, one of our old New York favorites, arrived in town one day last week, from St. Thomas. How *are* you, Sam?

There was a splendid house at Niblo's, on the 16th, to witness the third representation of "Edith, or the Earl's Daughter," the only vacant seats being in the third tier. The play greatly improves upon acquaintance, and will no doubt be next to "Camille" in Miss Heron's collection. There are some very exciting points in Edith, and Miss Heron gives them all due effect. In the last scene, where Edith calls frantically for Albert, before her child dies, a lady in the second circle was so affected on the evening referred to, that she made an exclamation that might have been heard by all around her. We pity Mr. Shewell in this piece—he is losing all the friends he has heretofore made among the lady *habitues* of Niblo's. Those who sympathised with him as Armand in "Camille," now almost detest him as Sir Morton, the villain and seducer in "Edith." It's so. We heard one lady say that she never could like him again, after the imposition he had practiced upon "poor Edith." Shewell is very natural in the part—so natural, in fact, that if we did not know to the contrary, we should pronounce him a "consummate scoundrel and heartless deceiver." That's what some of the ladies say of him as it is. As we before remarked, we are sorry for Shewell, and the sooner he gets out of the villainous business he has been engaged in, in Miss Heron's new play, the better it will be for him.

Wallack's business is falling off; we looked in there one evening last week, and found a *very* shy audience. The old comedies are pretty nigh played out, and something new may be necessary to the future prosperity of this house.

By reference to our advertising department, it will be seen that a number of performers are wanted for a concert saloon, to be opened in Broadway on or about the 10th of January. Vocalists, dancers, and other people are wanted.

Now, don't neglect to visit Lent's Menagerie during the holidays. This exhibition of natural curiosities is located in Broadway below Houston street, and has already been visited by a large number of curiosity hunters, although it has been with us but one week. Elephants, lions, tigers, bears, hyenas, and other wonderful and mighty creations may here be seen, all alive. The exhibition can be visited at any time, the hall being open day and evening.

At the Winter Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have concluded the fifth week of a most successful engagement, and the continued excellent houses prove how popular these favorite artists are with the public. On Friday night, 19th, the occasion of Mrs. Williams' benefit, one of the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season assembled, and the fair *beneficiarie* was the recipient of many beautiful bouquets and costly presents. Among others was an elegant miniature harp, composed of camillas, japonicas, and other rare flowers, over which gracefully floated a splendid silk flag, carrying the stars and stripes. Mr. Williams, on behalf of his lady, received this very beautiful and appropriate gift, and acknowledged it with a few pleasing remarks.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. Frank Whitman, the comedian, for many years connected with the Boston Museum, and an actor of considerable ability, died in that city on the 10th inst. For the past two years he has been affected by a softening of the brain, and finally died of consumption. The deceased was born in Boston, was about thirty-seven years old, and leaves a wife, to whom he was married four years ago. His remains were interred at Wenham, Mass.

On Monday, the 15th inst., a man named J. A. Graves, employed at the museum of Dr. Allen, the showman of Baltimore, was arrested for trying to demolish the concern, and committed to prison. He was engaged to perform with several monkeys, but having imbibed rather freely, he got cutting up too many monkey shines, and is now caged himself. A grave charge.

At the Lyceum, Morrisania, N. Y., a company, limited in numbers, but of average talent, gave a dramatic entertainment on the 18th inst., which was as well attended as the limited population would admit. "The Poor Gentleman," and "Good for Nothing," comprised the programme; the former cast as follows:—Sir Robert Bramble, J. Steed; Sir Charles Cropland, T. Greener; Lieut. Worthington, G. J. Maddox; Ollapod, Mr. Byfield; Frederick Bramble, Mr. Albinus; Humphrey Dobbins, Mr. Campbell; Corporal Foss, Mr. Raymond; Warner, Mr. Wilson; Emily Worthington, Mrs. E. M. Greener; Miss Lucretia McTab, Mrs. J. Steed. In the farce, Messrs. Maddox, Greener, Raymond, Wilson, and Mrs. Greener, enacted the respective characters of Tom Dribbles, Harry, Charley, Young Mr. Simpson, and Nan. Those who witnessed the performances state that they were given in a very praiseworthy manner, and Mrs. Greener made herself a decided favorite. Other entertainments are to be given during the winter, we believe; if so, ye burghers of "Morisenee" have reason to congratulate themselves. Verily, the influence of the drama is spreading, when a comparative village can run a theatre.

John Bates, of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, is probably about to retire from the list of managers, for on the 11th of December he leased his theatre to Geo. F. Fuller, manager of the Louisville Theatre, and the new lessee will take charge and open it on or about the 19th of January. We wish the "incoming admistration" every success, and hope he may have fuller houses than even his predecessor has had.

Leighton's new theatre, in San Francisco, was to have opened not later than the 6th inst.

The new vaudeville theatre, in Boston, under Mr. Barnum's management, opened on Monday evening, December 15th, with "Faint Heart," and the "Lady of the Lions" burlesque. The company embrace the following names:—The Misses Annie Senter, and Anderson; Mesdames H. Chapman, Place, Flood, Burrows; Misses Schales, Amy Stone, Emma Turner (a *debutante*), Thompson; Messrs. Harry Langdon, Harry Chapman, G. G. Spear, J. Flood, R. G. France, J. Fitzgerald, W. H. Daly, J. H. Fendel, W. Finn, J. Sullivan, etc. The place was crowded, and before the commencement of the dramatic performances, the great showman made a characteristic speech, which "told with thrilling effect," as the sexton said of the church bell. Afternoon performances are to be given, "and every precaution will be taken to make it an unexceptionable place of resort, so that ladies or children can visit the establishment, unattended." That's what Barnum says. We've got one of those "unexceptionable" places here, under the same management, and you ought to see the "women" that attend it "unattended." We say nothing, though; let the Boston Commoners look out for their own "ladies and children."

A photographic likeness of the late H. A. Perry was sent to us by one of the recent arrivals from California. We also received a copy for W. B. Weston, comedian, which he can have by sending or calling for it.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport was cast for Lady Macbeth, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 15th, but owing to illness, she was unable to appear, and Mrs. Cowell performed the part. A correspondent in Philadelphia, "Vapid," suggests that it looks very bad, even in amateur associations, to make one actor "perform many parts" in one piece, but still worse in first class theatres. On the occasion above referred to, he says a Mr. Porter "tripled" his business in one act, and in one scene he took the character of Seyton, while Seyton was promoted to the arduous duties of an officer. That was rather heavy on Porter. What ails 'em at the Walnut?

Edwin Booth, we are informed, has succeeded in getting a balance on the right side of his cash account, during his brief term of management of the Boston Theatre. He is said to have made more money than has ever been realized, for the same length of time, since the building was erected! He may have done that, and not made much. He closed his season on the 20th, and Mr. Wheatley assumes the management this evening, 22d. His first star is Mr. Forrest, with Mr. Hackett on the off nights.

The "Magnolia Grove," a scene in the new spectacle now running with such success at the Boston Museum, is said to be one of the most beautiful ever seen upon the American stage. The wings are ignored, and great breadth of stage is thereby attained.

Isaac Wayne Olwyne, husband of Julia Daly, died at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on Saturday, the 13th inst., after lingering many months from a pulmonary affection. Mr. Olwyne commenced life as a lawyer, became afterwards a dramatist and theatrical manager, his last active duties being at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, a short managerial season last year. He also managed a short season at the Winter Garden, New-York, after the return of Miss Julia Daly from England.

At the Leavenworth (Kansas) Theatre, business is said to be big, and yet we find benefits all the go, which are seldom given in prosperous times. Under date of December 9, our correspondent, "Appius," says:—"I have been waiting, expecting that some of the "profession" would answer my first letter, as I heard that one or two of them were very much hurt at the positions in which I placed them. Mrs. Templeton *claims* the leading business, and, indeed, she has been doing it alternately with Mrs. Jordan, a portion of the time; but her talent won't entitle her to anything higher than "walking ladies." She is a *fair* actress, but the newspapers here have spoiled her by their flattery. Mrs. Healey is engaged for walking ladies and old women, which is all the correction I have to make to my last. This week and last benefits have been in order; and they have been immense, lots of people being turned away nightly. There isn't even standing room at seven o'clock. Last week Mrs. Templeton (Helena) had the first of the season, with a new play of Templeton's, called "The Angels," and "The Lady and the Devil," for the bill. The house was a jam, and the postage stamps satisfactory. At this benefit C. F. Walters was, as usual, miserably up in his part, damning the piece, and next day he got an intimation that his services wouldn't be required any longer in that theatre. Mrs. Walters remains, however, and her benefit, last week, when she did "Jack Sheppard," was a stunner for Leavenworth. She is the most popular actress who has ever appeared here. Mrs. Jordan's benefit, to-night, is rather "melangesie." They do one act of "Shylock," one of "Rob Roy," and "Family Jars," and a very clever couple have volunteered for a German farce, which will draw the Teutons. Business is crowding, and the manager's face looks as though he had some big figures on the credit side of his ledger, and in his banker's book.

The sensation of the season at the Howard, Boston, has been "Leah, the Forsaken." A correspondent, "Ex-Yorker," says:—This new play, in five acts, of thrilling interest, strongly imbued with a religious sentiment, splendidly placed upon the stage, and cast to the strength of Manager Wyzeman Marshall's company, has drawn excellent houses, composed of the *elite* of the city. Miss Kate Bateman, as the Jewish maiden, has exceeded all her former efforts in her previous delineations. In this character she seems the very outcast she represents, and the vast audiences have been wrought to intense enthusiasm at one time, and at others hushed to silence, and been made to weep at the will of the artiste. The tableaux at the conclusion of each act are perfect pictures, and are encored nightly. Miss Rachel Johnson as Madeline, Edwin Adams as Rudolf, and James Duff as Nathan, render their parts with great power and beauty. Miss Swindlehurst as Rudolph's child, evinces remarkable precocity. The other characters, by Mrs. Savage, Mrs. Biddles, Misses Kate Newton and M. Newton, Messrs. W. H. Curtis, F. E. Aiken, W. Scallan, C. H. Wilson, H. F. Stone, F. O. Savage, J. B. Adams, J. Taylor, W. H. Danvers, and Mr. Wyatt, were conspicuous among the renditions of the excellent company which Mr. Marshall has placed upon the boards of this favorite theatre.

Our Canadian correspondent, "Peter Probity," to whom we are indebted for many interesting items of Canadian dramatic and show news, says:—"Now is the time for a *good* theatrical troupe to travel through the western portion of the province, opening at St. Catharines, and thence to Hamilton, Dundee, Brantford, Woodstock, Ingersol, London, Galt, Guelph, Brampton, etc., etc." We might suggest, in addition, that the company must be of the first class, for no one-horse show will answer. A good troupe will do a fine business.

The Webb Sisters made their last appearance at the Montreal Theatre on the 15th, the occasion being the farewell benefit of Miss Alice Gray. The house was crowded, and standing room could not be had after the curtain rose. The season was to have closed on the 20th. Manager Buckland is said to have had a good season. He thinks of taking a trip to England for a couple of months.

Baker's company, at the Varieties, New Orleans, were doing but a moderate business. The papers generally condemn the pieces produced, especially the "Stranger" and "Giralda." One of the papers says light comedy is what they want in New Orleans, "for if there ever was a community on the face of the earth that needed cheering up, it is ours." On Sunday night, the 7th, they performed the "Serious Family," to cheer up the community. The "Wandering Minstrel" was given, as an afterpiece, with Vining Bowers as Jem Baggs.

The Florences had a splendid house on the 12th, at the Pittsburgh Theatre, that being the last night of their engagement. Some complaint has been made that the Florences do not produce something new, and that Mrs. F. does not sing some fresh songs. If people patronise the old pieces and the old songs, it shows that they must like them; and as the engagement played by the Florences at the Pittsburgh Theatre was successful, we presume the young couple understand what suits the tastes of their patrons the best. When people get tired of old pieces—which are oftentimes much better than new ones—they will stay away from the theatre. Actors and actresses are sometimes better judges than managers as to the wants of their patrons. The Florences performed in Cincinnati last week, and at the close of their engagement there, will go to St. Louis.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is the attraction at the Pittsburgh Theatre, this week. Charley Foster appeared "for one night only," on the 13th.

Mr. Chaplin's dramatization of Les Miserables was produced at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 15th, but it does not seem to have met with success, being entirely too long, keeping the virtuous Pittsburghers out of their beds till 12 o'clock. The author, a member of the stock company, made too much of the piece, tiring the audience with a great deal of wearisome talk, and thereby making them as miserable as the piece. It was withdrawn after a few representations. Business at this house during the week was bad.

Miss Maggie Mitchell played a profitable engagement at the St. Louis Theatre, winding up on the 20th. The "Queen of the Abruzzi" was produced for the first time in that city on the 12th, Miss Mitchell appearing as Olympia.

J. Wilkes Booth succeeds Miss Mitchell at the St. Louis Theatree, opening on the 22d.

The 16th inst. was the anniversary of the opening of Mr. Hampton's season in Hartford. A longer season has probably never been played outside of the larger cities. The company will open in Springfield, Mass., on the 22d, with Mrs. Emma Waller as the star. They remain there a week, and then return to Hartford, or probably open in Worcester.

Miss Sallie St. Clair produced the "Angel of Midnight," at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, last week.

Mrs. Laura Honey Stevenson, who lately appeared at the Lyceum, in Toronto, in the musical drama of "Christie Johnstone," has taken up her residence permanently in Toronto, where she is going to devote herself to the teaching of vocal music.

Kate Fisher is at the Lyceum, Toronto, playing to middling business.

W. B. English still continues to manage the old National, in Boston, but the glory of the old temple as we knew it years ago, seems to have departed. He has just now a Keller troupe, Sallie Duval, Fanny Wilson, M'lle Julie, Signor Abijah, etc., and gives a great variety of excellent entertainments. W. B. understands his biz., and generally makes it pay. He has proved himself very successful as an author, and many of his pieces have borne testimony to his talents and perception. A correspondent, F. B., in noticing this house, says:—"By the way, did you ever hear of Mary Boniface? It was at the National a few weeks ago that I first saw her, and I was really completely struck aback at finding so much beauty and talent so comparatively unknown, at least to me. Mary is a beauty, and no mistake, and as well up and clever in her line as I have seen one for many a day. And now, while I think of it, why will you, some of my fair actress friends, persist in wearing your hair in such a detestable style? Why will you frizzle your hair up into such wonderful snarls, and then, directly in front, comb down over your foreheads, and almost over your eyes, that inevitable swab (I can think of no other word which will express it at all) in what I suppose you intend to be a sort of *negligé* manner, but which, allow me to say, is in most horrible taste, perfectly unnatural, and entirely spoils your good looks? If I understand anything of human nature, or woman nature, an actress, as a general thing, studies more to please the male portion of an audience than the female, and never yet have I seen a gentleman who was pleased with the above style; but, on the contrary, I have heard hundreds say, "She dresses her hair in such awful style that it spoils her good looks." Don't do it any more, girls, but comb your hair back gracefully, naturally, womanly, and my word upon it, you will please more of your audience. If it curls, let it curl; if not, curl it if you want to; but I beg of you not to ape the *blase* style of any one by adopting the swab style. I never saw Lola Montez, but some one has said that it originated with her. If so, let it die with her; don't imitate her. And while I am on the hair question, let me say that Maggie Mitchell displays most excellent taste in that respect. But how think you, my fair ones, she would look with her hair frizzled "within an inch of her life," and a large bunch of it combed down the middle of her forehead, nearly over her eyes?

As Sam Sharpley's, and Buckley's Minstrels billed Providence, R. I., recently, Manager J. C. Myers embraced the opportunity to take his dramatic company to Springfield, Mass., playing Miss Mary Provost as his star; and from all we can learn, he was well rewarded. The company returned to Providence on the 20th, giving a performance the same evening.

Monday, Dec. 22, Manager J. C. Myers attains his 44th year, and to give *eclat* to the occasion, he has engaged the Bateman combination to commence a series of performances at his Providence Theatre, opening that evening, and continuing during the week. Mr. Myers expects to play Mr. Booth and Mr. Hackett, shortly. Miss Maggie Mitchell will play a two weeks engagement there, commencing about the last of January. Mr. M. has also engaged the Holman troupe for the month of March, and will play them in Providence, New Bedford, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and New Haven. We sincerely hope that Manager Myers may meet with sufficient encouragement to reward him for the exertions he is making to provide our eastern friends with first class entertainments.

Cubas, the famous dancer and pantomimist, is now in her second week at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, where, we understand, she is drawing largely. Her acting in the "French Spy," is conceded to be a marvel of grace and elegance.

Adah Isaacs Menken has closed at Kunkle's Theatre, Baltimore, and R. E. J. Miles succeeded her last week, continuing the equestrian drama, and drawing fair houses. Miss Menken ran "Mazeppa" twenty-eight nights. "Bully for her."

Miss Kate Hunter has secured Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., for a dramatic entertainment on Christmas night.

Last week, the Laura Keene combination, at the Holliday Street, Baltimore, experienced a falling off in their business, and closed on the 20th. They are followed this week by John Owens. John ought to take in Baltimore.

The Italian Opera opened at the Academy, Philadelphia, on the 17th, to a large, but not critical or "discriminating audience." Mad. Guerabella was laboring under a severe cold, and the fatigue of the "long journey" from New York. These opera singers are very fragile; they can scarcely stand against a puff of air, and yet give many an air for a little puff. Some "more able and distinguished writer" may be able to improve on this windy little squib, and make a joke of it. *We* can't. "La Traviata" was the opening opera, followed on the 18th by "Lucretia Borgia;" 19th, "Dinorah;" 20th, "Ballo en Maschero." The indefatigable Grau will not sink money on the speculation. He *may*, like a few of our merchants at 3 o'clock, have "something over."

Mr. E. L. Tilton, we understand, is to succeed Mr. Price in the stage management of the Walnut, Philadelphia.

Mr. Forrest's engagement at the Boston Theatre, is announced for two weeks only. His opening, on the 22d, was in "Jack Cade."

The Bateman combination are succeeded this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, by Mr. Couldock and his daughter. Miss Maggie Mitchell will probably follow them, opening on Monday next, 29th inst.

The present week is announced as the last of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Their farewell benefit will come off on the 26th, and their last appearance on the 27th. Mrs. Davenport, who has been ill, is announced to re-appear this week.

A number of gentlemen in Philadelphia are engaged in making arrangements for a benefit to be given to Charles S. Porter, one of the few survivors of the old Chestnut Street Theatre company of Wood and Warren, and Maywood & Co. We sincerely hope that every effort will be made to insure the most complete success of the testimonial to this old stager, this connecting link between the drama of the past and the present.

Mr. J. S. Clarke's very successful performances at the Arah Street, Philadelphia, will probably terminate on or about the 3d of January. Mr. Clarke has much cause to be proud of his popularity in the Quaker City.

The new theatre, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, will not be finished as soon as the contract calls for, although every effort has been made to have it completed for the holidays. It will be a few weeks yet before the opening takes place, and in that time Mr. Forrest will have finished his Boston engagement. By all means let our own great American tragedian inaugurate this new and beautiful temple of the drama. It is probable that the opening will take place on the 12th of January.

Mr. Charles Walcott, Jr., received a complimentary benefit at the Holliday street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 20th inst., when the New York company gave their final performance.

"Pauvrette, or the Avalanche," was put on at Grover's Washington Theatre on the 17th December, with all the complicated machinery, under the supervision of E. Putnam. Mr. D. S. Strong is the scenic artist.

The Satanic influences at work in Washington, D. C., in and out of the Cabinet, do not seem to impede the success of Satanella at Ford's Theatre, the latest news from thence being that "it continues to attract overwhelming audiences." We are gratified to note that the talents and efforts to please of Mr. and Miss Richings, are being so well appreciated. The Ronzani Ballet Troupe, and some "hallelujahists" from New York, render valuable assistance in the representation of the piece, which is pronounced magnificent.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

The band of minstrels performing in Newbern, N. C., are mostly amateurs, and are in the Quartermaster's Department under Capt. J. C. Slaght. The members of the troupe are principally from Brooklyn, N. Y., and among them are Daniel T. White, Fred. Percy, Frank Foster, Wm. Rae, Shorty Bowers, etc. Shorty is one of the right bowers.

Sam. Sharpley's Minstrels flourish finely in the Eastern States. On the 15th, in Providence, R. I., they opened to $302 00; at the same time that the Buckley's were billed against them. At Norwich and New London, Conn., their houses were among the largest ever known in those places. Ye Iron Clads are heavy on the draw, and they enter sharpley into the contest, with their adversaries of the minstrel persuasion.

We are pleased to hear of the safe arrival of Duprez & Green's Minstrels at New Orleans, after a lengthy passage of twenty-two days from New York. They gave their opening performance at the Academy, on Friday evening, 5th inst., and were well received. Their receipts for the three first nights, amounted to over twelve hundred dollars, and this notwithstanding Baker's dramatic company was performing at the Varieties. It was also supposed by some, that Duprez & Green's troupe were the same company that performed in New Orleans a few weeks previous under another name, and as that party were not very talented, it took a night or two to convince the New Orleans people that Duprez & Green's company was quite another, and a far better concern. The papers there speak very highly of the newly arrived troupe, and the prospects are very encouraging, although business generally is quite dull. The *True Delta*, in a notice of the opening performance, says:—"They had a full house, and their performances went off surprisingly well. The company is a very strong one. We feel justified in saying that there is not one in it who is not first class; and this, notwithstanding it was evident that their twenty-two days at sea, the hurry and bustle of getting up the river, the want of time to rest or prepare before giving their first performance, &c., had told heavily on some of them—especially Mr. Bidaux. Their jokes were not only good; but, what is better, were novel. The introductory overture at once stamped them as good musicians, and the opening chorus confirmed the good impression made by it. Mr. Green has a very sweet, sympathetic tenor for ballads, and manages it with marked and judicious control. Harry Slate made himself a favorite at once; and Scott, in the "Sweep's Refrain," and Campbell, in the "One-Horse Open Sleigh," was scarcely a whit behind him. "The Great Railroad Explosion" created roars of laughter, as well it might. Master Fred. Florence danced "La Madrilena," with almost bewitching grace. Mr. Green, besides his excellent voice, proved himself an accomplished mimic in the "Mocking Bird Song." And Mr. West, on his flageolet, was very artistic and sweet. In short, the company proved all that we have said of it; and what is more, one that must improve on acquaintance. We hope soon to see Mr. Bidaux restored to what he showed himself, as, indeed, he is known to be equal to."

It is hinted that a Cincinnati capitalist talks of erecting a minstrel hall in that city, similar to the hall now occupied by Wood's Minstrels in New York.

During the performance recently given by a party calling themselves the "Original Christy Minstrels," at the Varieties, New Orleans, the Billy Wilson Zouaves, 400 strong, took possession of the theatre and stage, and gave one of their own peculiar performances, which didn't exactly agree with the feelings of the "originals," but they had to submit.

Campbell's Minstrels and brass band, late of New-York, will open at the new Opera House, Dearborne street, Chicago, on Christmas Day.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels are now at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio. In our last we made mention of their departure from Chicago, owing to some trouble concerning the hall there, and we made the inquiry, "What's the trouble?" This week we have an explanation of the difficulty, in the following letter from the treasurer of the troupe:

SMITH & DITSON'S HALL,
Cincinnati, Dec. 19, '62.

FRANK QUEEN—In answer to your inquiry as to what is the trouble, I will reply in as few words as possible. Messrs. Arlington & Donniker found it necessary to stop all business relations with Mr. Wood and Mr. Davie, their agent and treasurer, and this they did by giving the former gentleman a legal notice of the same, and likewise publishing it in the Cincinnati papers. And as Mr. Davie was in Chicago making some arrangement in Kingsbury Hall, a lease of which he had procured in his *own* name, and that of Mr. Wood, (a man being provided to do his business in Cincinnati, he neglecting the same,) no further trouble was taken in the matter. Messrs. Arlington & Donniker's names not being mentioned in the lease in any way, and their advice in regard to it never being taken in any manner, they do not feel themselves responsible for alterations which may have been made there by order of Mr. Davie, particularly as he was only their *treasurer*, and *not* their agent, and absent from the company without the consent of either Mr. Arlington or Donniker. Mr. Davie's name was advertised on the bills as treasurer, and not as agent. When we again visit Chicago, which we intend shortly to do, I have no doubt that we shall be able to arrange everything satisfactorily to our friends there, and to ourselves. The following performers have now entered into a legal partnership:—Messrs. Wm. Arlington, Charles Leon, John Donniker, Edwin Kelly, and Albert Jones, and the company is advertised as Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels. The company is recognized as the best traveling in the west, in proof of which I enclose you many editorial opinions of the press.

Yours, truly, EDWIN KELLY,
Treasurer of Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels.

The names of the troupe, as now organized, will be found in our advertising department in this issue of the CLIPPER.

In a recent notice of Hooley's Minstrels, by a slight oversight, M

THE BITER BIT.

A PRIVATE TALK ABOUT INTERVENTION.

How "Nap." Wanted to Do, And How Johnny Bull Felt About It.

NO. I.

THE FRENCH INVITATION TO MR. BULL.

Monsieur:—
Europe with a melancholy interest observes,
That this war and its sad consequences paralyse the nerves
Of Industry and Commerce, so that energy is dead;
For her factories are silent, though her people cry for bread.

The courage of the combatants there's no one can gainsay;
All fought with equal bravery, save those who ran away.
With the blood-stained balance, equal now, it something might avail,
Should another Gaul, like Brennus, fling his sword into the scale.

We must overlook the petty crew of Continental kings,
The potentates whose revenue the gaming table brings,
And constitute ourselves the foremost leaders of advance,
The pioneers of progress—England, Muscovy and France.

It's quite time this wholesale slaughter should provisionally cease:
Let us bind them over jointly for six months to keep the peace.
It is likely at our jurisdiction they will only laugh,
But we shall have done our duty on Humanity's behalf.

I invite you these considerations duly to present
To Lord Russell and Prince Gortschakoff, and find out the intent
Of the two respective governments, and tell them, if you please,
I have written to St. Peterasburgh. Yours,

Drouyn de Lhuys.

PRIVATE NOTE.

Now, my very dear Lord Russell, a diplomatist like you,
Can readily imagine what must palpably ensue:
It will set the North about our ears, and then, if you'll but aid,
A couple of our ironsides will smash up the blockade.
As from you I have no secrets, now the blessed truth I'll tell:
I have settled the whole programme with Commissioner Slidell,
And he has promised, for the South, that if for them I go,
They will not oppose the monarchy I mean for Mexico.

L. N.

THE ENGLISH REPLY.

My Lord:—
The Count de Flahault stole
On my official ease,
And read me a long rigmarole
From Drouyn de Lhuys.

He says the War has raged and roared
For upwards of a year;
The soldier leant upon his sword
And wiped away a tear.

He tells us, on our industry
Misfortune seems to lower.
How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.

He insinuates, the fellows
A great deal of blood have shed;
But he quite forgot to tell us
That Queen Ann was also dead.

He fancies 'twould be proper for
The Powers to combine;
She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine.

He thinks it's time to stop the row,
But we can't see it yet;
There's no one left to love me now,
And you too may forget.

The Emperor, it is but fair
To say, quite well behaves;
He helped us in the "Trent affair;"
Brittania Rules the Waves.

To ask them to lay down their arms
Just in the battle's heat,
Our instinct of fair play alarms;
Pray how is your poor feet?

We'll wait; such madness to oppose
There's no efficient plan;
So you may read this to Lhuys,
Or any other man.

And if with its true meaning
We may choose to have a tussle,
Explain it to him if you can;
If not—no matter— Russell.

CONFIDENTIAL.

That L. N. has his eye teeth cut,
The world can plainly see:
I'm a young man from the country; but,
You can't get over me. R.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

Correction.—Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1862.—Frank Queen: The gentleman who writes your Theatrical Sketches is in error in regard to Miss Christine Ludlam making her first appearance as a ballet girl, in New York. She has never appeared on any stage in that capacity; she is English by birth, and came to the United States in Nov., 1848, with a ballet company. She first earned to dance at the Academy attached to the Covent Garden Theatre, Liverpool; from which place she was engaged to come to this country, and made her first appearance with Mons. Zavistowski, in a grand "Cosack Dance," at a small theatre called the "Amphion," by the side of the old Broadway Theatre.

Respectfully, Christine Zavistowski,
Pike's Opera House.

MISS CHARLOTTE WYETTE.

Made her *debut* on the London stage, January 25, 1858, (the very day the Princess Royal was married,) at the Lyceum, in the character of Julia, in the "Hunchback." At the end of the first piece, all the company appeared, and the National Anthem was sung. Miss Wyette stood in the centre. She was decorated with the red, white, and blue, and spangled with silver stars. As soon as the audience understood the allusion to the Star Spangled Banner, they arose *en masse*, and gave nine cheers in the most deafening manner, and then three more for the young and beautiful American Tragedienne. The next day the manager had a white satin bill printed in gold and fringed with scarlet, and sent it to the Queen, who, the next day, sent her acknowledgements for the favor, as well as her best wishes for the success of the fair American.

Miss Wyette has the merit of clear enunciation in her most forcible passages, so that not a word of the dialogue is lost. She has many qualities of the first-rate actress—a commanding figure, a deep sonorous voice, and graceful action. She is a lady of intelligence, one who understands the meaning of the author whose words she delivers. In passages of grief and despair, her deep, clear, ringing voice, and facial configuration, speaks and looks the language of the poet with a powerful effect.

MISS SALLIE ST. CLAIR.

Made her first appearance on the American stage, in 1843, as a Dancer, at the Museum, Baltimore. June 22, 1846, first appeared at the Museum, Masonic Hall, Philadelphia. June 27, she made her *debut* in a speaking character, at the above named place, appearing as Julia Dalton, in "One Hour."

Within the last two years, she has made rapid advances towards perfection in her profession. Her voice is not only extensive, but melodious. In person she is neat and graceful. She originally came to this country with the Montplaisir Troupe.

ANDREW JACKSON NEAFIE.

Born in New York, November, 1815. At the age of nine, he discovered a restless inclination for the stage, after witnessing a private Thespian exhibition, composed of youths from eight to fifteen years old. At length he was sent to Newark, N. J., to school, where he remained until he was fourteen years of age. He then returned home, and was apprenticed as a carpenter to Mr. Greer. He worked assiduously at his trade until 1839, when he determined to follow the dictates of his earliest and continued ruling passion, the substitution of the buskin for the jack-plane. His determination was temporarily checked by the want of $300, with which to pay Simpson, the manager of the Park Theatre, for the privilege of publicly appearing in that house. True to his name, he is an ardent lover of military display, and so skilled in its tactics, that he was promoted to the command of one of the largest volunteer companies in New York, through which, by subscription, the money was raised. He accordingly appeared in the character of Othello, at the Park Theatre, in 1839, which was so creditably performed as to shortly afterwards secure him a star engagement at that house. He afterwards fulfilled an engagement at Niblo's Theatre, where Forrest first saw him, and was so pleased with his playing that he at once took him by the hand, and obtained him an engagement in Philadelphia, where he remained two years, vacillating—as is usual with young artists in our country, unheralded by the press—between a bare subsistence and actual want. He then proceeded to St. Louis, and there played a successful engagement with Sol. Smith, who engaged him for two years, alternately at St. Louis and New Orleans. Since then his improvement has been such as to elicit from the most approved criticism of the North, language of decided approbation.

Made his *debut* in Philadelphia August 31st, 1840, at the National Theatre, on the opening night, under the management of W. E. Burton, as Faulkland in "The Rivals."

Mr. Neafie is as free from the foibles which mar the weight of the social man as any individual we have ever known, and for years have we searchingly looked in vain for the least exhibition of an act to, in the slightest degree, detract from his universally conceded high merits. He is, in his well weighed opinions, decided without being offensive—attentive and cautious to all with whom he comes in colloquial contact—kind, almost to a fault, to all who err—and, unquestionably, as a husband and father, a model of excellence worthy of the closest imitation.

During his tour in Great Britain, Mr. Neafie was warmly spoken of by the English press. The following from the Greenock *Herald*, April 10th, 1861, is a specimen of the encomiums showered upon him in the United Kingdom:—

Theatre Royal.—This theatre opened on Monday night, and the occasion introduced the American tragedian, Mr. Neafie, to our notice. His Macbeth was one of the grandest and most noble personations we have ever witnessed. The large audience was at once interested and elevated by the poetic rendering of the Thane, and he elicited new beauties from nearly every line in the tragedy. Last night, his Hamlet was highly intellectual and finished. His voice, tone, and bearing, were skilfully subdued and effective. When he speaks, even in the most passionate moments, not a word, not even a letter, is lost. He is entirely free from rant, clap-trap, and mannerisms. His rendering of the character, his elocution, his gestures, are all his own. He is no copyist, but an artist of the very highest order. The people in the theatre were as quiet as in a church during the entire tragedy, save the irresistible bursts of genuine applause. He comes nearer our ideal of the character than Charles Kean. In voice, figure, and bearing, he is decidedly the superior, and he expresses emotion more naturally.

JOHN MAY.

Born in Otsego county, Cherry Valley, State of New York, September 7th, 1816. When a boy, He was apprenticed to a tailor, but having a soul im-*measure*-ably above buttons, and feeling no desire to become distinguished as a knight of the shears, he soon *cut* the business, and we speedily find him connected with a circus company, for which profession he has always entertained a predilection. From that day his cause was one of continued honor and profit, he having amassed quite a handsome competency in his business, and attained a reputation second to none of his rivals.

In 1844, Mr. May visited Europe professionally, and performed with *eclat* at all the principal circuses of England, France, Spain, etc. He extended his travels into Africa, and subsequently visited South America. The announcement of Mr. May's name upon the bills was sure to secure a full house.

In private life he was highly esteemed for his many virtues, proverbial liberality, and excellence of heart. Having traveled much, he had accumulated a valuable fund of information and anecdote, and was always as pleasing and attractive in private conversation, as in his professional capacity.

His first appearance before a Philadelphia audience took place March 19th, 1845, at the old National Theatre, as Jonathan, in "The Heroic Struggle of 1776." Died May 13, 1854, in Philadelphia.

MISS JULIANA MAY.

Born in the city of Washington, D. C., where her childhood was passed. Having at an early age evinced an extraordinary ear and fondness for music, as well as a voice of uncommon power and sweetness, these gifts were sedulously cultivated with a view simply to the embellishment and gratification of private life. On the death, however, of her father, an eminent physician of the metropolis, Miss May desired to devote herself to the more serious study of the art, in order to render her talents available before the public; to do this she immediately set out for Italy, and received at parting this emphatic encouragement from Nourrit, who had been her master at Philadelphia. "God has done everything for you. Italy and your own application must insure success." With all the ardor and energy of a devoted ambition, Miss May pursued, for several years, a course of severest study in all the schools of Naples and Florence, the great Rossini himself superintending her lessons in the latter place, while she attained the dramatic branch of her profession under the auspices of an eminent music master at Milan. At length, Miss May had acquired all that professors can impart, and it only needed the practice of the public stage to perfect in her an artist of rare excellence. She therefore accepted an operatic engagement at Trente, a provincial town, making her *debut* as Amina, in "La Sonnambula." The encouragement and warm applause which here greeted her every successive performance, was such as would satisfy the most aspiring *debutante*, and Miss May no longer hesitated to form an engagement for the opera at Verona, making her first appearance as Gilda, in "Il Rigoletto."

She shortly after returned to the United States and made her first appearance on the American stage September 22d, 1857, at Niblo's Garden, New York; first appeared in Philadelphia, March 20th, 1858, at the Academy of Music, as Amina. She was received with a long continued and general salvo of applause.

Her voice has been charactized under every known term, we believe, except basso, but is, in fact, a full high soprano *assolute*, of extensive, even remarkable range, but with notes of contralto depth and richness, and a metallic sympathetic *timbre*, very rare in a pure soprano, which perhaps has led to the error of calling Miss May a contralto singer.

Her first appearance in public was at a *soiree* at Judge Mason's residence in Washington. The company was partly composed of musical critics, and there seemed to be but one opinion as to the remarkable powers of this lady. Miss May is a cousin to the brave officer of Mexican war celebrity.

The New System of Lighting Theatres in Paris.—The last and by far the most important of the novelties of structure and decoration attempted (successfully attempted) in the new Theatre du Chatelet, is the entirely original mode of lighting the *salle*. Not a single chandelier appears, large or small; and yet the house is perfectly lighted, and the richness of the architectural effect, strange to say, seems absolutely to gain by the absence of those glittering accessories of glass and lights, which usually form such principal features in theatrical interiors. In lieu of these, we are presented with a ceiling of ground glass, sparingly decorated with elegant arabesques, above which, and unseen, are jets of gas, arranged in a concentrated mass, which pour down a flood of softened and equalised light through the semi-transparent ceiling, the intensity of which can be heightened or diminished at pleasure. It was at first suggested by some of the art critics of the French Press, that the light so introduced was not brilliant—that it produced the effect of imperfect sunlight during an eclipse—in short, that the new system was less advantageous than the old ones. Further experience has, however, proved its triumphant success, both in an artistic and sanitary point of view, insomuch that it is now determined to light the Theatre Lyrique in the same manner, and a Viennese architect visiting Paris, who has seen it, has at once advised its adoption in the new theatre now building at Vienna. Not only is the glare of the chandelier, by which the view of the stage from some parts of the house was obscured, effectually removed, but the unwholesome heat and noxious fumes produced by a number of gas lights are also got rid of—a most important improvement, which should not be lost sight of in the construction of new theatres, while it is a system that might with moderate outlay be applied to all our existing theatres. When the performance begins, the brilliant light of the *salle* is reduced to exactly that point calculated to give just the proper amount of due predominance to the light of the stage, without at the same time leaving too little light in the house, upon which the full power of light is again thrown between the acts, during which intervals the interest of the toilet, &c., is supposed to be in the ascendant.

The Crowned Skeleton.—Aix la Chapelle in Germany, derives its name from the tomb of Charlemagne. He gave instructions that when he died he should be buried in a royal position, not prostrate as slumbering dust, but seated in the attitude of a ruling monarch. He had the mausoleum erected over the sepulchre of our Saviour at Jerusalem. In a tomb within this chapel he was placed upon a throne. The gospels, which it is supposed he had often read while he was living, he would appear determined to study thoroughly after he was dead. He directed they should be laid upon his knees before him. By his side was his sword; on his head was an imperial crown, and a royal mantle covered his lifeless shoulders. Thus was his body placed and thus it remained for about 190 years. One of his successors resolved he would see how Charlemagne looked, and what had become of the riches that adorned his tomb. Nearly a thousand years after Christ, the tomb was oppened by the Emperor Otho. The skeleton form of the body was found there, dissolved and dismembered, the various ornaments spoken of were all there too; but the frame had sunk into fragments, the bones had fallen disjointed and asunder, and there remained nothing but the ghastly skull wearing its crown still. The various relics were taken up and preserved at Vienna; and they have often since been employed in coronation of the emperors of Germany, in order to satisfy their greatness and their being successors to Charlemagne.

A Port Royal Bill of Fare.—Soup—meagre—very. Vegetable—Spontaneous to the soil. Fish—"The best that swim—catch 'em if you can." Boiled—Ham—from the sand-which-is here. Prawns—fresh in the sea. Corned beef—fragrant, very. Roast—Beef—tender, in a horn. Mutton—furnished by the drum-major out of old sheep skin. Duck—from a stormy Sunday, reliable, but not rare. Pig—preserved in a barrel with care by the ancients, art now lost, mark O. H. I. O. Entries—Plovers on the wing. Blackbirds, in a pie already opened. Chickens, after four days boiling, powerfully tender. Calves head, *a la can*-nable. Dessert—Dried apple pie, very dry. Plum dough, 10-inch Columbiad. Custard of musty eggs, can't be beat. Jelly, starved horse foot. Ice Cream; flavor, boquet de camp. Wines and Liquors—Muscat, minie. My dear'ee, a long way off. Sparkling Catawba, in your eye. Whiskey, 29c., per gallon. Do. B, other head of barrel, $3. Coffee, that knows beans. Milk, stump tail. Sugar heavy with pure sand. Cook's call daily at 12¼ P. M. Knives and forks reserved for those who come first.

One of the Shooters.—"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I have, but when I get good aim at one, two or three others will swim right in betwixt it and me."

OUR GAME BAG.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

A Little Heavy.—C——, good soul, after taking all the little comforts he could afford to give to the wounded soldiers, went into the hospital for the fortieth time, the other day, with his mite, consisting of several papers of fine-cut chewing tobacco. Solace for the wounded, as he called it. He came to one bed, where a poor fellow lay cheerfully humming a tune, and studying out faces on the papered wall.

"Got a fever?" asked C——.

"No," answered the soldier.

"Got a cold?"

"Yes, cold—lead—like the d—l!"

"Where?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it's pretty well scattered. First, there is a bullet in my right arm; they han't dug that out yet. Then there's one near my thigh—it's sticking in yet; one in my leg—hit the bone; that fellow hurts!—one through my left hand—that fell out. And I tell you what, friend, with all this lead in me, I feel, ginrally speaking, a little heavy all over!"

C—— lightened his woes with a double quantity of Solace.

The Way He Cured Her.—"Doctor," she said feebly, "I expect to die every moment; I am very low. Can you do anything for me?" The doctor feels her pulse, nothing the matter, merely wanted company. The doctor becomes communicative. "Miss Sally, I was having a terrible dream when your servant awoke me." "What was it?" she eagerly inquired. "I dreamed I was dead," continued the doctor, "and descended into the lower regions, where I met the 'Old Scratch,' who invited me to view his dominions. The inmates were engaged in different occupations—some playing cards, others swindling their neighbors; in fine, all the pursuits they followed during life, they continued there. When he got through he proclaimed to the four quarters of his dominions that all should go to bed, 'for,' said he, 'Sally Strickland will be here directly, and there will be no sleep in hell for a month.'" The doctor's speedy departure was increased to flight by the sight of a broomstick flourishing actively in his rear, but the remedy was effectual.

Seeing it out.—Two unsophisticated country lassies on visiting one of our city theatres, great on the ballet, legs and things, and so forth, had quite a time over it. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgetty. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, *sotto voce*. "Well, Mary?" "It ain't nice—I don't like it." "Hush?" "I don't care, it ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you. After one or two more flings and a pirouette, the blushing Miss said, "Oh Annie, let's go—it ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Do hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, though it wore an air of determination; "it's the first time I was ever at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs!"

Got His Eye Shut Up.—One Sabbath afternoon a Sunday school teacher observed two boys playing marbles by the roadside. He stopped, told them how wicked it was, and succeeded in persuading the worst one to accompany him to school. The lad was decidedly a fast youth of about eight years. In the class, among other things, the teacher told him "God made this beautiful world, and all that is in it; we must thank Him for the good things we enjoy; He gives us our food and our clothes."

"Does he give me my clothes, too?" broke in the lad.

"Yes; He gives us everything."

"Now, thar's where you got your eye shut up; for ma'ma made these trousers out of dad's old ones."

Drunkenness Cured by Itself.—A physician at one of the Paris hospitals has just cured a case of delirium tremens brought on by excessive drinking, by the singular remedy of subjecting the patient to the constant influence of the vapor of spirits. The plan is not new, having been long used in Sweden to radically cure drunkenness. The persons addicted to drink are shut up in a cell, and all the food supplied them is impregnated with brandy. At the end of four or five days they become completely disgusted with the taste and smell, and they come out radically cured. The slightest smell of spirits at last makes them shudder.

Where They Go To.—A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little fuddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic a plight; do you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got."

Dan Tucker in French.—"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker?" is rendered into French most dismally. To translate the first two lines back into English, they would read: "Dan Tucker, ancient parent, shall instantly leave the road, because supper waited for him," &c.

Precocious Youth.—A little boy asked his mother what "blood relations" meant. She explained to him that it signified near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."

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